THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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A. O. H. GOSSIP.

Gratifying Success of the Annual County Picnic of the Order Recently Held at Columbia Park.

Missionary Work Has Done Wonders for the Organization on the West Side—The North Division to be Attended to Immediately.

The pages of last week's CITIZEN did not record the doings of the A. O. H. in Columbia park, and the reader is consequently disappointed to an extent which leads to the use of borrowed postal cards and indulgence in veiled impertinence.

The picnic was the success it deserved and gave encouragement to all who were connected with its management. The numbers who availed themselves of the pleasant trip, expressed themselves as thoroughly pleased with the day's experience. Over 3,500 people crowded into the three trains which left the Santa Fe depot. The grounds were covered with pleasant family groups, who came in full quota, from the head of the house to the child in arms. I think it was one of the most striking features of the picnic to see so many of the little ones and their parents, and it seemed to me evidence that all were confident that at a Hibernian picnic nothing would occur which could arouse the fears of the most timid. The spleddid Walsh Orchestra rendered excellent dance music, and gave universal satisfaction. The pauses between the dances were short, and anxiety to please seemed to be the ruling spirit of the gentleman in charge of the music.

Brother Hanley, of Div. 14, was in charge of the refreshments, and though hampered by the local water supply, his endeavors to accommodate his patrons met with deserved success. The games in charge of Brother Fitzgerald were eagerly contested, and provoked much merriment. The bowling alley did a wonderful business, and no serious accidents occurred, even through astonishment at beholding Brother P. B. Flanagan acting as presiding genius over the tumbling pins. Watching over the financial interests of the county were Brothers Conroy, Lamb, Thomas and Breen.

From early morning Brothers Lynch, Desmond, Murray, Walsh, Reynolds, Conroy, Lamb and Sherlock were at the depot selling tickets, assisted by others, who were pressed into service upon arrival. The best thanks of the Order are due to those gentlemen whose readiness to inconvenience themselves to benefit the A. O. H. has won them a place in the esteem of every man interested in the A. O. H.

Capt. Connolly and his gallant Hibernian Knights, did good service on the grounds, and the able officer named was much complimented on the military bearing of his men.

In the middle of a thicket of dark trees was erected the tent of visiting military men, who for some reason unknown dubbed their camp post No. 2. A visit to the tent and a peep beneath the canvas disclosed the fact that the post was the headquarters of Divs. 11 and 12. Brother Miles McFadden was apparently acting as commissary general and dispensed the hospitalities with a lavish hand, while Capt. J. P. Casey acted as chief usher, helping the guests to advantageous seats around the groaning table (?) Corp. McCarthy Fitzgerald, assisted by a squad of men with mighty appetites, prevented an overcrowding of the tent, and relieved the committee of the responsibility of having anything to take home with them. Among the visitors and guests of Post No. 2 were the Rev. Fathers O'Sullivan and O'Donnell, and Drs. Leahy and Slattery. Special seats were reserved for Brothers Dan O'Connor and M. F. Fanning, and the corporal in charge reported that the last named gentleman never left his post until tent was struck. The novel cooking apparatus presided over by the chief cook of the Post furnished broiled beefsteak galore, and the relays of guests proved the excellence of the viands. There was but one fault to find with Post No. 2, and that was some said that the tent did not cover a quarter of an acre. It was a wonderful institution and worthy of reproduction at future gatherings.

The results of the picnic, I think, will equal the expectations of those interested. Prompt returns from the divisions are next in order to enable the committees to make an intelligent report, and permit the monument committee to proceed with their work. There is little excuse for want of diligence, and none should be taken from delinquents. The future enterpises will, I trust, be managed in such a manner as will enable the committees to close accounts the following day, and report net results within forty-eight hours after the event comes off. There is but poor satisfaction in waiting six months for returns, as has been the case on other occasions. Division officers should use their best efforts to make reports on tickets sold at County Board meeting, Sept. 13.

Division 32, of Cook county, was organized on Aug. 29, in Nova's hall, Green and Ohio streets. A very fine body of charter members greeted the installing officer when he administered the obligation. The intelligence displayed in the selection of officers promises well for the future of the division, as I am confident that the incumbents are eminently fitted for their respective positions. The following was the result of the election: President, C. Flynn; vice-president, E. Walsh; recording secretary, Michael Laughlin; financial secretary, J. J. Crogan; treasurer, T. O'Brien.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of Champaign county are organizing a dramatic corps whose talents will afford much amusement during the winter months.

The parade in connection with the ceremonies at St. Bernard's church on Sunday, 5th inst., in Englewood, was on a splendid scale. The military made a splendid showing, and the South side A. O. H. turned out in fair numbers.

There will be a gathering of the Livingston county A. O. H. in Sunbury on Sunday, 20th inst. The meeting will be an open one, where the Rev. Pastor is expected to preside and State President Keating, accompanied by some of his confreres from neighboring counties, will try to accomplish something in a missionary way.

The Ladies' Auxiliary convention will probably meet Oct. 4, in Joliet. State Secretary Dan McGlynn is preparing a circular an the subject. Much good is hoped to result from the convention, as the organization is now fairly launched in other states, and accomplishing for the Order much which will help to spread the A. O. H. principles in communities where their value was little known. Every auxiliary will receive due notice as to representation within a week.

The brothers in South Chicago will hold an open meeting on Friday, Sept. 18, in McCabe's hall, and arrangements are being made to accommodate a large audience. Some of the good men here are determined that the A. O. H. will progress, nay must progress. Success to their resolve, say I. If we had but the same resolution all over the state, what an order we would have in Illinois.

The excellent work accomplished of late on the West side has brought up that locality to a proper standing. Now we want to hear from the North side. Are there no missionaries over there? Must a brother from the South side monopolize the honors? Surely the natives can do something. ED.

A SILVER REMINISCENCE.

[*Chicago Dispatch, Sept. 2.*]

The purchasing power of legal tender silver coin furnishes the only proper test. The values of gold or silver as bullion are not pertinent to the issue, whether the two metals, as legal tender, can be maintained.—Chicago Tribune, Jan. 2, 1878.

The prime object in remonetizing silver is to add to the solid, substantial, intrinsic money stock of the country. There can't be too much hard money—ready money—in circulation. Such an inflation is stimulating and invigorating. It is at once a sign and prop of national and commercial prosperity. The simple remonetization of the silver dollar, with proper provisions for its coinage, will contribute a steady stream to the money resources of the United States.—Chicago Tribune, Jan. 23, 1878.

The theory that a remonetization of the silver dollar demands that the weight of that dollar be increased to correspond to the present London bullion value of silver, as measured by "cornered" gold, is simply absurd. It is in plain defiance of the experience of all the rest of the world—even with our own experience before the silver dollar was demonetized—which teaches that 15½ ounces of silver to 1 ounce of gold is the proper basis for equalizing the money value of the two metals.—Chicago Tribune, Jan. 8, 1878.

A correspondent asks us why we give so marked a preference to the silver dollar of 371¼ grains of pure silver, and reject the proposed "Christiancy dollar," or the "Blaine dollar," or the trade dollar? We shall not undertake now to repeat or restate all of them. But the first reason is that the dollar of 371¼ grains pure silver has been the monetary standard or unit of value in this country from 1792 until 1873, a period of 81 years. It is the ancient, unchangeable dollar of that country.—Chicago Tribune, Feb. 11, 1878.

In 1873–4, as it was two years and more later discovered, the coinage of this silver dollar was forbidden, and silver dollars were demonetized by law. This act, which was done secretly and stealthily, to the profound ignorance of those who voted for it, and of the president, who approved it, had, without the knowledge of the country, removed one of the landmarks of the government; and, under cover of darkness, abolished the constitutional dollar, and had arbitrarily, and to the immense injury of the people, added heavily to every form of indebtedness, public and private.—Chicago Tribune, Feb. 23, 1878.

As the London Times has said, the remonetization of the silver dollar would equalize the values of silver and gold coin; and at the rate of 16 to 1 the American silver dollar would soon prove, according to past experience, to be comparatively too heavy, and ought to be reduced to the European standard of 15½ to 1.—Chicago Tribune, Jan. 8, 1878.

What is a whole dollar? Who says that a part of a dollar should be a whole dollar, or wants it to be? Four hundred and twelve and a half grains of silver is a whole dollar, and was so fixed by law in 1792. It never was anything else, under the law. Whether at present that weight of unlegal tender silver is worth as much as a gold dollar of 25 8-10 grains in London, no one cares. Four hundred and twelve and a half grains of silver coined and made legal tender is just as much a dollar as the gold dollar.—Chicago Tribune, Jan. 18, 1878.

If the government has been paying gold interest, it had that right by original agreement, and it may hereafter pay silver interest by the same right. The option is in the government, and it has never been surrendered and never will be. How often must this be repeated before the goldites will consent to accept the fact? We have had enough Shylock talk about "public credit," "good faith," "honor," "understandings," "expectations" and "suppositions." The surest way to kill "public credit, good faith and honor" is to smash down the price of property, paralyze business, pauperize labor, bankrupt enterprise, and drive the people into poverty and despair; and that is precisely the role the gold-yelpers are playing.—Chicago Tribune, Jan. 16, 1878.

TEKEL.

(*West Virginia Farm Reporter.*)

O, queen of the waters, whose sun never sets,
Whose goodly dominion each ocean wave frets,
Whose hand is outstretched for the wealth of the weak,
Who, Argus-eyed, all the word over dost seek
For the single ewe lamb or the small vineyard fair
That belongs to thy neighbors; beware O beware!

The mills of the gods have ground slowly and long;
The years have blazed up with the basness and wrong
Thou hast wrought, e'en thine own have not weighed in their need
In the bottomless scales of thy fathomless greed
For pelf and for power; thy flag wears the stain
Of the blood and the tears of thy faithful ones slain,
While thou stoodst aloof in thy prudence and pride.
To trim thy new sails for the wind and the tide.
Success were thine own, dire disaster no less,
And the blood of a Gordon cries out for redress.

The mills of the gods have ground slowly, but see!
There's a hand on the wall that is writing for thee.
"Thou art weighed and found wanting!" O, Albion proud,
Despite all thy greatness, despite all thy crow
Of witnesses, noble in heaven's pure sight,
Thou art weighed and found wanting in Justice and Right!

Thy story is told by the waves of the sea;
Where thy ships proudly float and thy flag flutters free,
Dark Death and Destruction flow swift on their track,
Hell's drug for the Chinese and rum for the Black!
Thou hast forced the fell traffic for the sake of the gold,
But, alack and alas! for the tale to be told,
Thine own sons and daughters, while striving to save,
Have found through thy barter the blood-reeking grave!

Thou hast listened unmoved to the shrieks of despair
From the regions where massacre maddens the air
With the gurgle and groan of man's out-trampled breath,
And womanhood's fate is more fearful than death!

What is all this to thee? In thy passion for greed,
Subjugation thy motto and conquest thy creed,
Like the far vulture scenting the blood on the air,
Where the gold vein is opened, behold, thou art there:
Hot haste for the nine points in law, thou hast dreamed
Of possessing the earth, and thy vision hath seemed
Oft nearing fulfillment; but, listen, today
The God of the nations is saying thee "Nay."

Look over the world, from the East to the West,
Where dwelleth the feeble thou hast not oppressed?
Review thy possessions acquired in the fight,
'Neath banners still flaunting: "The Might is the Right."
Account for the torrents of blood thou hast shed;
The tears of the living, the graves of the dead;
O, queen of the waters, whose sun never sets,
Whose goodly dominion each ocean wave frets,
Redeem, if thou may'st, thy dishonored fair name;
Confess "Christian England," thy boast is thy shame!

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

THE DEVIL'S GRIP.

That Is What the Unhappy Irish Political Prisoners, Recently Released, Experienced While Confined in Those Dens of Horror, the British Penitentiaries.

Frightful Atrocities Perpetrated by the English Jailers On Their Helpless Victims—Gallagher and Whitehead Driven Hopelessly Insane.

(*Press Dispatches Condensed.*)

LONDON, Aug. 29.—[Copyrighted, 1896, by the Press Publishing Company, New York.]—Dr. Thomas Gallagher, the so-called Irish dynamiter, just released from Portland prison, sailed for New York from Southampton today on the American liner St. Paul. His mental condition is scarcely better than that of his companion in prison, Dr. Whitehead, who, it is probable, committed suicide soon after regaining his liberty through lunacy and despair. [Since found in Cork stark mad.]

The American Embassy in London received some money from the United States toward paying Dr. Gallagher's expenses to New York, but not enough. I understand, however, that the English government made up an amount sufficient to secure for him first cabin passage. It is stated at the embassy that there is not satisfactory proof that Whitehead (or Murphy) ever was admitted to American citizenship.

The World's Southampton correspondent telegraphs: "Dr. Gallagher was conveyed this morning from Winchester prison to the railway station in a closed carriage, accompanied by a warden, who took him to the S. S. Purser's office here, where he was met by Mr. Hudson, an official of the American embassy, and Dr. McBride of the London Amnesty Association. The warden handed to Gallagher the six sovereigns ($30), it is customary to give to convicts on discharge. The doctor became violent and gave back the money, with incoherent mutterings about British gold and British secret societies. His behavior throughout was wholly inconsistent with sanity. He seemed to distrust Hudson and McBride; said he did not know Hudson and McBride was an English emissary. The United States embassy provided a saloon berth for him, but Gallagher wanted to buy a steerage ticket. He said he would travel in the steerage whoever objected, and at another time declared that he would go back to prison. Ultimately he was quieted and shook hands in a friendly way with McBride. He became excited again before the steamer started, and shouted to the warden: 'Come along to prison.' He was calm again after a time and conversed, though reservedly, with the World correspondent. Gallagher intends to practice his profession (medical) after his arrival in America. He insisted that he felt well, having a robust constitution. I understand that he was released on license subject to revocation if he returns to British soil without permission of the British government. Mr. McBride accompanies Dr. Gallagher to New York. Both travel as saloon passengers."

The release of these Irish prisoners, convicted with nineteen others thirteen years ago of plotting to simultaneously blow up buildings in various cities of England, with the certainty of killing unnumbered hundreds of innocent persons, has made a profound sensation.

Delaney, the prisoner first released, is almost blind and suffering from spinal complaint, while his mental condition is such that his family at Glasgow is obliged to keep him under constant supervision to prevent his committing suicide. He is possessed, like Whitehead, of a morbid terror of the English authorities, believing they will find some fresh charge against him to get him back into prison. Delaney will be sent to America or Australia as soon as friends can provide the required means. Daly is absolutely broken down physically. His nervous system has utterly collapsed, and he is subject to fits of almost maniacal excitement. He has been taken to Paris by his brother, who feared if he went home to Ireland, and was tempted to deliver any public speech, its character might cause his rearrest and destroy all chance of liberation.

Whitehead's imbecile condition was described in my cable dispatch to the World last Saturday. His tragic disappearance from his home at Skibbereen on the night of his arrival fully corroborates the World's description of his mental state. An exhaustive search fails to disclose him, and the belief is that he is dead or dying in some cove along the Bantry coast, demented by a fear that he would be taken back to prison.

The prisoner's mind is thrown upon itself. He is condemned to perpetual silence, except when asked a question by a warden. He works incessantly under constant supervision, any slackening being visited with close confinement on bread and water for a spell not exceeding three days in succession. Throughout the whole period of confinement male prisoners are not allowed to speak to each other under severe penalties. But the Irish prisoners have incessantly complained that, while these punitive restrictions were only carried out in spirit against ordinary convicts, they were inflicted to the letter on them alone. Their complaint, to a large extent, was proved before a special inquiry instituted in 1890 by direction of the Tory home secretary, Matthews, into their allegations of unfair treatment while confined in Chatham prison. This inquiry was granted because it leaked out that on two separate occasions Daly was all but fatally poisoned by drugs administered to him when ill. The poisoning was declared by the committee to be accidental, but Daly and other prisoners always believed it was deliberate, because he had made himself highly obnoxious to all the prison officials, from governor down.

The prisoners gave evidence in great detail before the committee, furnishing numerous specific instances of ill-treatment by the lower officials, who, they asserted, were prejudiced against them because of their nationality and the political nature of their offense. It is a remarkable coincidence that every warden, against whom any allegation was made, had been removed to some other prison prior to the inquiry. Some were even sent abroad.

James Egan, who was liberated in 1892, and is now in the United States, testified: "There has been a well-organized system of ill-treatment from the very moment of my reception to the present moment, but organized in such a manner that it would not be perceived by anybody but the person so ill-treated." It was admitted that the dynamiters were separated from the other prisoners, were located in a separate part of the prison in cells known as penal cells, and were called special prisoners. The governor of the jail admitted that this was done to keep them under a more rigorous supervision than the other criminals.

This supervison is the most dreaded aspect of convict life, as it enables a harsh and ill-disposed warden to keep a prisoner in a perpetual ferment of fear and agitation and to visit upon him numberless petty punishments and degraditions. In the penal cells, the dynamiters allege, they suffered all the horrors of an extra detachment, the wardens being told off to watch them and keep them unflaggingly at a monotonous work—mat or sack making. The prison chaplain asserted, from his observation, that unquestionably a large part of the prison officials were prejudiced against the prisoners because of their nationality, and it was proved that in many cases where the dynamiters had made complaint in writing to the prison superintendent of specific acts of cruelty and tyranny, the offending officials had been warned or removed by the authorities.

It was shown to the satisfaction of the committee that, instead of having hammocks, as all other prisoners had, the dynamiters had to sleep on plank beds, covered with mattresses as hard as boards; that instead of the ordinary movable stools they had only rough logs fastened to the floor by iron stanchions; that their cells were colder than those of the other prisoners, and that in the evening the gas light was thrown into their cells by means of a reflector, which injuriously affected their sight; that they were prevented systematically from sleeping the full allowance period by the practice adopted by the wardens of slamming the trap-doors through which they were inspected every half hour throughout the night, and by turning the full glare of their lanterns upon the prisoners' eyes until they were thoroughly awake; that meals were not served to them as to other prisoners; that they got refuse instead of bread, and in a thousand different ways, some of them unmentionable and incredible if proof were not forthcoming, the rigors and the terrors of a convict prison were greatly intensified for them by their jailers.

Some of the prisoners' allegations were not sustained by evidence, but enough was proved to move the government to order their transfer to Portland prison, where they have been since then without finding any fault for special complaint. According to the report of the committee mentioned, Dr. Gallagher first showed symptoms of insanity as far back as 1887, and as the doctor insited that he was only feigning madness, Gallagher incurred sixteen different punishments. He became worse, was afflicted with constant vomiting, which lasted for months, and which the prison doctor declared to be voluntary.

The symptoms of insanity became more pronounced, and a government specialist was called in. He reported that Gallagher was simulating madness. Gallagher was repeatedly punished, until from vomiting, which continued without intermittance, and low diet during his punishments, he became reduced to such a debilitated condion that he had to be put in the hospital. The indications, which the specialist declared were simulated, steadily became more and more accentuated, and at the end of thirteen years he has been released on the admitted ground that his reason is gone, and his physical health is so shattered that continued imprisonment would cause death.

The ratio of insanity in the population of Great Britain is 8 in 10,000, but the ratio in the ordinary convicts, who have undergone less punishment than the dynamiters, is 22½ in 10,000, while of the twenty-one dynamiters subjected to penal servitude, four are known to be mentally enfeebled by their treatment, a higher percentage than among ordinary criminals.

The scandal exposed by their release probably will lead to a further revision of the English penal system.

UNFORTUNATE GALLAGHER.

NEW YORK, Sept. 4.—Dr. Thomas Gallagher, the alleged dynamiter, who left this country thirteen years ago, returned today on the steamship St. Paul a pitiful mental wreck from the results of thirteen years' penal servitude in a British prison. The elaborate preparations for his reception by the Amnesty Association and hundreds of Irish friends meant nothing to him. He did not even recognize his sisters at first, and in a moment of delirium struck his brother, shrieking wildly that he had kept him in jail.

It was a sad homecoming, and though Dr. Gallagher in a lucid interval after his arrival, recognized his relatives, his reason is probably hopelessly shattered. During much of the voyage on the St. Paul he was a raving maniac. Several times he tried to jump overboard, and he had to be watched constantly. Three of his ribs have been fractured, and his breast bone forced in during his imprisonment, and there are cuts an bruises and old sores all over his body.

The steamship was met at quarantine by a ferry boat, on which were Gen. James O'Beirne, chairman of the reception committee; Dr. Gallagher's brothers, Daniel, James and Michael Gallagher; his sisters, Miss Catherine Gallagher and Mrs. Rose of Buffalo; his niece, Miss Agnes Gallagher; his nephew, Thomas Connolly of Brooklyn; William Lyman, president of the Irish National Alliance of America; O'Donovan Rossa, and many other well-known Irishmen. When the members of the delegation of Irishmen were presented to him the doctor was unable to recognize any of them, and almost immediately ran away through the corridors, shouting loudly and incoherently. He was followed by two of the bedroom stewards, but before they grasped his arms he threw a handful of pennies through one of the porthole windows and shouted: "I have got my fare over the ferry, at any rate." As soon as the attendants got him under control the doctor turned to them appealingly and said:

"My God! Is this the way an American citizen must be treated?"

Dr. Gallagher seemed neither surprised, pleased nor annoyed when told that a party of friends had come to meet him. Finally he said he would be glad to meet any friends, and was led from his state-room to see them. It was easy to see he was excited, and his mental condition was pitiful. For a moment he looked at the visitors, whose eyes were dimmed with tears, and then exclaimed:

"These are no friends of mine; they are English spies. Let me go."

Before anybody could speak to reassure him he dashed up the companionway to the deck, which was crowded with passengers eagerly looking over the rail toward the harbor. All of these passengers were thrown into a state of excitement by the sudden appearance of the bare-headed, white-faced man concerning whose sanity they had every reason to doubt. He was given a wide berth until two of the assistant stewards seized his arms and by main force took him back to the stateroom and locked the door. At last the door was opened, and James Gallagher extended his hand. His brother looded at him for a moment coldly, and then springing back into the room, uttered a piercing shriek: "You are the cause of this; you kept me in jail," he cried.

Before anybody could restrain him he rushed at his heartbroken brother and struck him. After he had been restrained and quieted a little he was led to where his sister, Mrs. Connolly was standing. He was gesticulating wildly with an imprecation on his lips as he approached the white-faced woman. Suddenly he became quiet, and then seemed to collapse. The next moment he had buried his face on his sister's shoulder. After that he was like a child, obedient and docile. He was led by Mr. Connolly to the ferryboat, which he boarded. He recognized his brother Daniel, but refused at first to speak to Michael. To the delegation of Irishmen on the boat he said: "Get out of here. You are traitors."

After taking a seat in the cabin he called for a glass of water. Then he called for milk. "Sit beside me, Kate," he murmured. His sister Agnes embraced him, but without a look of recognition he pushed her aside. All the women were deeply affected. They wept and many men broke down. The boat, after turning the Battery, headed for Green Point. On the way up the East river the tugs and other boats blew a shrill welcome. The committee, however, decided to return, and the boat, after steaming as far as a point off Thirtieth streeth, swung round and landed its passengers at South Ferry shortly after 6 o'clock.

There was no demonstration when the doctor, after much persuasion, was induced to enter an open carriage. He was taken to the Hotel Savoy, and will be placed in a sanitarium. It is hoped rest and treatment will benefit him, but there is hardly any chance of complete mental recovery.

Dr. Anthony McBride of the Amnesty Association, who had charge of Dr. Gallagher on the trip, said: "I believe that if Dr. Gallagher had a month's rest he would be greatly improved. It is hard to say just yet what his mental condition is. It is certain he has been much abused. I made a physical examination of him shortly after boarding the St. Paul and found he had, while in prison, sustained a fracture of three ribs. There is an indentation of chest which is very marked, and which he told me was caused by his keepers. He says that they beat him constantly and brutally trampled upon him. During the voyage I had scarcely four hours' sleep. Many times he ran on deck and caused much excitement. When I questioned him closely about his treatment while in prison he said five keepers had tried to murder him. His condition to-day was worse than at any time since the beginning of the voyage."

BRIDGED AT LAST.

That Chasm That Has Yawned for so Many Years.

PALMER AND BUCKNER NOMINATED

The Illinois Statesman Gets the Honor on the First Ballot, with Nearly All the Votes, and the Kentuckian Has no Opposition at All—Cleveland's Telegram Declining—The Platform Adopted—What the Governor of North Carolina Said to the Governor of South Carolina.

Indianapolis, Sept. 4.—John M. Palmer, of Illinois, and Simon Bolivar Buckner, of Kentucky, two white-haired veterans of the war, rival commanders of the blue and gray, were nominated yesterday by the National Democratic convention for president and vice president, on a brief but emphatic platform which repudiates the the doctrines enunciated by the Chicago convention, indorses President Cleveland and his administration in glowing terms,

SIMON BOLIVAR BUCKNER.
[Nominated to run with Palmer.]

declares for gold standard, tariff for revenue only, liberal shipping laws, currency reform, civil service and economy in public expenditures. The spirit that animated the convention was contained in this declaration of the platform:

"The Democratic party has survived many defeats, but it could not survive a victory won in behalf of the doctrine and policy proclaimed in its name at Chicago."

And so, in the language of Hammond, of Louisana, this convention placed in the hands of other nominees their banner, and bade them fling it forth "skyward and seaward, high and wide."

Platform Report Was Delayed.

The real work of the convention was soon transacted when it was reached, but the delay in reporting the platform gave opportunity for a series of eloquent and stirring speeches. The attendance was larger than Wednesday and the enthusiasm was great. Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge, the famous Blue Grass orator; Dewitt C. Warner, of New York; H. A. Hammond, of Georgia; F. W. Lehman, of Missouri; W. D. Bynum, of Indiana, and Controller of the Currency Eckels were in

enthusiasm to a high pitch. When the platform was at last brought in, shortly before 2 o'clock, it was read amid an almost continuous storm of applause, and was adopted unanimously without a word of debate. When the nominations for president were called for, it was apparent that Palmer would be nominated over his protest, as the opposition to Bragg had concentrated upon him. These two names were the only ones presented to the convention.

Cleveland and Watterson Eliminated.

It was known that a message from President Cleveland had reached the convention that he could not entertain for a moment the suggestion of his own nomination, and his decision was at once accepted as final. Before the states were called for nominations Henry Watterson was taken out of the lists by Carroll, of Louisville, who conveyed to the convention a message from the Kentucky editor in his retreat in the mountains of Switzerland. Watterson, Carroll said, four days after the Chicago convention had cabled that other candidates must be named or the Democracy was lost. Later he said he did not want the honor, but that if no one else could be found to take command he would not ask others to go where he would not lead. Now that others were ready to accept he preferred to do battle in the ranks.

Some of the nominating speeches were eloquent and full of fire. Kilbourn, of Michigan, placed Senator Palmer in nomination, and there was a series of seconding speeches. Burr W. Jones, of Wisconsin, nominated General Bragg, "the hero of fifty battles and the commander of the iron brigade." Illinois waited until all the other states had been called. Then Judge Moran, of Chicago, took the stage and said they had recognized from the first that Senator Palmer was the man to lead the fight. He was, he said, a platform in himself. All his life he had fought flatism, greenbackism, free silver and other vagaries. But he had sealed their lips. After seeing the temper of the convention, however, Illinois was compelled to join hands with her sister states in urging his nomination. The roll call immediately developed the overwhelming majority in favor of Palmer, but it proceeded to the end, Palmer receiving 757½ votes and Bragg 124½.

NOMINATION MADE UNANIMOUS.

On the Motion of Bragg—Buckner Has a Walkover—Platform.

At its conclusion the commander of the Iron brigade mounted a chair and in a brief but graceful speech moved that the nomination be made unanimous, and pledged that he and Wisconsin in the coming battle would be where brave soldiers should always be—nearest the flashing of the guns. He was given three hearty cheers, and General Palmer was declared the nominee amid an enthusiastic demonstration, during which the state guidons were carried about the hall in the wake of the standard of Illinois. There never was any doubt about Buckner's nomination for vice president, except while his nomination was being talked of for president. When Chairman Caffrey instructed the secretary to call the states for nominations for vice president he called but one state, "Kentucky," and the band struck up "My Old Kentucky Home." William F. Brooder, of Russellville, Ky., placed General Buckner's name formally in nomination and the nomination was forthwith made unanimous.

Resolutions were then adopted thanking the provisional committee for its work and thanking the business people of Indianapolis for their hospitality. And then, "You know about the governor of North Carolina and the governor of South Carolina," shouted a West Virginia delegate amid a roar of laughter. "I move the convention adjourn sine die."

The motion was put and carried, and at 4:32 the first convention of the National Democratic party adjourned sine die.

SONS OF VETERANS AT LOUISVILLE.

A Number of the Officers and Several State Delegations Arrive.

Louisville, Sept. 8.—A number of officers of the Sons of Veterans, as well as several state delegations, arrived yesterday to attend the annual encampment. Today is down on the programme as "arrival" day, but crowds of visitors are already in from all directions. Commander-in-Chief Russell, accompanied by Adjutant General Borin and several members of the staff, came in from the west, while Colonel W. R. Cooper, of Knoxville, junior vice commander; Colonel E. R. Carter, of Knoxville, commander of the division of Alabama and Tennessee, and a number of visitors came from the south. The Kansas, Indiana and Illinois delegations got in last night. Passed Commander W. T. Bunday and wife, of Cincinnati, and Colonel A. G. Courtney, commander of the New York delegation, are at the Galt House. The parade tomorrow morning, which is the first important event of the encampment, promises to be the most successful ever given by the order.

LETTER CARRIERS HAVE A PARADE.

Chicago's Postmaster Musters Over Half of the Men in Line.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Sept. 8.—The parade by the Letter Carriers' National association was the great feature of Labor Day here. There were 2,370 men in line, including six bands. More than half of the marchers were from Chicago with 1,200 men in uniform. The New York branch of the association was represented by 134 men; Cleveland, 80; Toledo, 60; Milwaukee, 56; Philadelphia, 48; Detroit, 140, and most of the Michigan cities by their full force.

No business sessions were held yesterday, but a meeting was held for addresses of welcome, which were made by Postmaster Carroll and Mayor Stowe, of this city, with a response by the president of the association. Richard F. Quinn, of Philadelphia. Short addresses were also made by Postmaster Enright, of Detroit; Postmaster Hesing, of Chicago; Representative Smith, of this district, and others.

K. of P. Competitive Drills.

Minneapolis, Sept. 5.—The drilling for the big prizes in the Uniform Rank Knights of Pythias competitive drill, which began Thursday morning, was continued yesterday in the presence of a large number of spectators. The two divisions to the contest for honors yesterday were the Lilly division No. 16, of Radcliffe, Ia., and Hart Division No. 89, of Clinton, Ia. The latter division had but little practice, and merely entered the contest in order to take third place money, as the dropping out of the Garden City division, of Chicago, left but three divisions in the contest.

John Barr, Glenn division, Eau Claire, Wis., won the first prize; Lilly division won the second; Hart division the third, and Captain Feige, of Eau Claire, won the prize for the best captain.

Eleven Hurt, Two Fatally.

English, Ind., Sept. 8.—Eleven people were seriously injured, two fatally, in the wreck on the Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis, ten miles west of here. They are: John Gibson, St. Louis; Chris Heinchbrins, St. Louis; Mrs. F. B. Jorelan, East St. Louis; W. A. Kane, St. Louis; J. W. McConaghy, St. Louis; Jacob Miller, St. Louis; H. O. Ogden, Jeffersonville, Ind.; W. J. Porter, Louisville; John L. Tassy, St. Louis; W. J. White, St. Louis; Thomas W. Murry, St. Louis. The wreck was caused by a broken flange. The two fatally hurt were Gibson and Kane.

Election of Commander-in-Chief.

St. Paul, Sept. 5.—The thirtieth annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic came to an end yesterday after one of the most successful meetings since the organization was established in Illinois a few months after the close of the war.

The most important business of the last session of the Grand Army was the election of commander-in-chief, which resulted in favor of Major T. S. Clarkson, of Omaha, all the other candidates having withdrawn. Admiral Meade withdrawing his own name, Clarkson was then elected by acclamation.

Mob Lynches a Tramp.

Rhineland, Mo., Sept. 5.—An angry mob of masked men assembled in front of the Rhineland hotel prepared to lynch Thomas Larkin, a tramp, giving his name and residence as New York, who brutally assaulted little Alla Gammon, 11 years old. Admittance was refused by the guards. The mob broke down the door and brought out Larkin. He begged and prayed for them to spare him, but this only made them more enraged, and they took him to a tree near town and swung him up, where they left him for the coroner to hold an inquest.

Democratic Club Convention Postponed.

Washington, Sept. 7.—The convention of the National Association of Democratic clubs called to meet at St. Louis on Sept. 30 will be postponed until the 2d of October, and will last through the 3d. This is done to insure the attendance of Bryan and Sewall, who would not have been able to be present on the date first named.

Vice President at Chicago.

Chicago, Sept. 8.—Vice President Stevenson is a guest at the Palmer House. Stevenson, accompanied by his wife and daughter, arrived in this city yesterday morning on a steamer from Mackinac Islands. "My visit has no political significance whatever," said Stevenson to a reporter.

Joe Patchen on a Slow Track.

Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 5.—Joe Patchen, paced by a running horse at the state fair races yesterday, covered a mile over a slow track in 2:07½, less than all former records for a two-lap track except his own of 2:05¼ made at Boston, Aug. 9.

In a Receiver's Hands.

Columbus, O., Sept. 5.—The Columbus Central Railroad company was thrown into the hands of a receiver Friday morning. George H. Worthington of Cleveland being appointed.

ELEVEN ARE DEAD.

The Result of a Terrible Accident at a Fire.

OPERA HOUSE AT BENTON HARBOR

Breaks into Flames That Plays Havoc with the Firemen, Five of Whom Are Instantly Killed and Six Given but an Hour of Life After Their Rescue—Falling Wall Does the Mischief, Catching the Men in the Alley—List of the Dead.

Detroit, Sept. 7.—A special to the Free Press from Benton Harbor, Mich., says: The most horrible holocaust with great loss of life, that has ever occurred in this part of the state occurred Saturday night at midnight, when Yore's Opera house took fire, and in the fight to save the building and other blocks adjoining eleven firemen, one a volunteer, met their fate at one fell swoop, the death being instantaneous with five of them; six lived only a few hours in awful agony, while several others got severe bruises and burns. During the evening the play "A Factory Girl" had been given by local talent and had closed but a half hour before the fire was discovered.

Caught While Hoisting Fire Ladders.

Then the building was filled from basement to fourth story with a suffocating smoke which burst into a sheet of flames throughout the entire auditoence room almost instantaneously, before the fire department could respond with a single stream of water. There was some confusion at the outset, owing to the lack of hook and ladder facilities, although the local fire companies had the same day closed a two days' tournament exhibiting much skill in quick work. St. Joseph was called on for assistance at the outset, her firemen approaching the building through an alley and unloading ladders in the rear of the building. It was while hoisting them that the upper walls fell over without second's warning covering the men, which was witnessedby hundreds of spectators.

List of the Men Who Died.

The following were killed: Frank Watson, of St. Joseph, legs broken, skull crushed, leaves a widow; John Hoffman, Benton Harbor, crushed into an unrecognizable mass, leaves widow and five children; Thomas Kidd, Benton Harbor, unmarried, killed by live wires; Frank Woodley, Benton Harbor, killed by live electric wires, leaves widow and three children; Ed H. Gange St. Joseph, drayman, head crushed, legs broken; Scott Rice, bell boy at the Benton hotel, skull fractured, internal injuries, lived but few minutes; Will I. Mitten, Benton Harbor, both legs fractured, internal injuries, lived two hours, leaves widow and several children; Louis Hoffman, Benton Harbor, head smashed, thigh crushed, widower, leaves two small children; Arthur C. Hill, St. Joseph, foreman St. Joe Hose company, legs broken, terribly burned, lived one hour; Frank Seaver, St. Joseph, leg broken, badly cut and burned, lived three hours; Robert Rofe, St. Joseph, compound fracture of the left leg, burned and internal in-

Three Men Cut, Burned and Bruised.

The injured are: John A. Crawford, ex-chief of Benton Harbor fire department, overcome by heat and smoke, burned about the head, will recover; Will Freund, of St. Joseph, cut about the head; Frank Paget, of St. Joseph, leg bruised by falling brick.

Frank Woodley and Thomas Kidd were on top of adjoining buildings with hose when the encountered live electric wires, on which they were hanging when found. Policeman Charles Johnson narrowly escaped, as falling bricks tore his coat off, while another was protected by a telephone pole. The work of removing the debris was commenced at once and those pinned in were removed in a few minutes, except C. A. Hill, whose body was recovered at 4 o'clock yesterday morning. It was believed that several more bodies were under the pile of brick and search was continued till every doubt was passed.

SOME SUSPICION OF FIRE-BUGISM.

Young Man Under Arrest Who Appears to Know Something.

The cause of the fire is a mystery; several theories, from a cigar stub to a lamp explosion, are given. Guy Prescott is under arrest as being one who knows of the origin, but when asked by a reporter the cause remarked that he was not going to give anybody away, assuming that he was in possession of facts that caused his detention. The building was comparatively new, having been erected seven years ago at a cost of $40,000 by Patrick Yore, a wealthy farmer who had since leased it to J. A. Simon, who has had charge for six years. A two-story brick block owned by Joseph Frick, which stood adjoining, was demolished by the Opera House walls falling on top and crashing through to the basement.

The Opera block was occupied by the Evening News, S. M. Austin's bakery, J. Bernstein (clothing), John Holmes (barber shop) and fruit packing in the basement. The Frick block was used for the retail boot and shoe business and dwelling. The buildings and stock destroyed with losses are as follows: Opera House block, loss $40,000, insurance $19,000; Evening News plant, loss $4,000, insurance $2,500; J. Bernstein, loss $3,000, no insurance; S. M. Austin, loss $300, no insurance; Holmes, loss $100, no insurance; J. M. Frick, loss $7,000, insurance $3,000; J. N. Herr (grocery), damage to building and stock, $1,000, fully insured; Dr. Hunt and S. M. Austin, grocers, damage to building and stock respectively $600, fully insured.

Bank Failure at Helena.

Helena, Mont., Sept. 4.—The failure of the First National bank of this city was announced Friday morning by the posting of a notice that the bank was unable to meet withdrawals demanded of it. The notice was signed by H. Edgerton, vice president and manager, who says creditors will be paid in full. The directors refuse to talk and no statement of the assets and liabilities has been made. It is said that the failure is due to the bank's inability to realize on assets to cover demands of eastern creditors.

No Tuition to Be Charged.

St. Paul, Sept. 7.—Archbishop Ireland has issued a letter announcing that hereafter in the Catholic parochial schools no tuition will be charged, such tuition being considered an obstacle to the growth of these schools.

LABOR DAY PARADE AT CHICAGO.

The Holiday Generally Observed by Workers at the Western Metropolis.

Chicago, Sept. 7.—Labor Day in this city was generally kept by the labor unions, many factories closing down for the day, and all the banks "shutting up shop." The stores were, however, all open and business went on as usual there. The labor parade was the largest held in this city so far, there being eleven divisions in line, headed by Grand Marshal Carroll, president of the Building Trades Council. According to the numerical strength of the organizations in each division the number in line should be about 35,000. The divisions formed in Michigan avenue, from Jackson to Twelfth street, with the head of the line at the north. The parade moved promptly at 10 o'clock a. m., marching west in Jackson street and Jackson boulevard to Loomis street, north to Monroe street, east to Peoria street, north to Randolph street, east to Market street, where it will disband.

The parade is practically a combination of all the general organizations in the city, which were so much at outs last year that two separate meetings were held under the auspices of the Building Trades council and Trade and Labor assembly, respectively. This year the parade was a real "union" demonstration, organized labor from all the general organizations taking part. One thing, however, arose to mar the prospects of a harmonious parade and threatens to partly mar the unity of the celebration. This is the old-time disagreement between the two organizations of musicians—the Chicago Musical society and the American Musical union.

The former, which belongs to the American Federation of Labor, has the larger support, but the latter body, which is an assembly of the Knights of Labor, believes it has a right to furnish music for organized labor; but the Chicago Musical society says it hasn't and that if any of its bands attempt to enter the parade the Chicago Musical society bands will strike then and there.

FRANCIS TAKES THE OATH.

New Secretary of the Interior Sworn Into Office.

Washington, Sept. 5.—Ex-Governor Francis of Missouri, at 12:30 o'clock Thursday, took the constitutional oath of office as secretary of the interior, succeeding Hoke Smith, resigned. The

SECRETARY FRANCIS.

oath was administered by Associate Judge Harlan of the United States supreme court in the office of the secretary of the treasury. There were present to witness the ceremony Secretary Carlisle, Secretary Lamont, and a number of the treasury officials. Secretary Francis took formal charge of his department Friday morning.

Big Meet of Wheelmen.

Boston, Sept. 8.—The national meet held by the Press Cycle club at the Charles River park yesterday was a great success, and 15,000 were in attendance. Nearly all the heats were hotly contested and the competition was terrific. The fast mile of Tom Butler with a quintet pacing proved one of the most interesting events of the day. The western men showed up well, especially in the one-third mile open. Kiser and Shrein, of Ohio, winning their heats and getting second and third in the finals. The pace in the race was terrific.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Produce.

CHICAGO, Sept. 7.—It being Labor Day the boards of trade was closed and no quotations were given out.

Produce—Butter: Extra creamery, 15c per lb; extra dairy, 14c; fresh packing stock, 6@7c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 12@12½c per doz. Poultry—Turkeys, 8@10c per lb.; chickens, hens, 7c; spring chickens, 8½c; roosters, 5c; ducks, 6@8½c; geese, $4.00@6.50. Potatoes—Early Ohio, 16@21c per bu.; Illinois, 20@25c. Honey—White clover, 13@14c lb.; broken comb, 9@10c; extracted, 5@6c. Apples—Red stock, 75c@$1.00 per bbl.; green stock, 35@75c.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

EAST BUFFALO, Sept. 7.

Dunning & Stevens, Live Stock Commission Merchants, East Buffalo, N. Y., quote as follows:

Cattle—Receipts, 180 cars; market slow and 15@25c lower for western cattle; common stock and medium handy cattle and heavy steers scarce and a shade higher to 10c stronger; prime heavy steers, $4.75@5.00; handy native, $4.00@4.30; western steers, $3.50@3.75; stockers, $2.75@3.75; feeders, $3.40@3.60; veals, lower; $4.00@4.25. Hogs—Receipts 70 cars; market active and higher for Yorkers; Yorkers, $3.65@3.70; pigs, $3.60@3.70; mixed packers, $3.65@3.55; mediums, $3.40@3.45; roughs, $2.65@2.90; stags, $2.00@2.50. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 30 cars; market active; 15@20c higher; sheep steady; prime lambs, $4.85@5.15; fair to good, $1.35@4.75; culls and common, $3.00@4.25; Canada lambs, $4.90@5.15; good to choice sheep, $3.50@3.80; common to fair, $2.65@3.40.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Sept. 7.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 14,000; sales ranged at $2.40@3.35 pigs, $3.15@3.42½ light, $2.50@2.70 rough packing, $3.65@3.85 mixed and $2.70@3.25 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 800; quotations ranged at $4.55@4.80 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.30@4.55 good to choice do., $4.00@4.15 fair to good, $3.45@3.75 common to medium, do., $3.40@3.90 butchers steers, $2.50@3.20 stockers, $3.10@3.70 feeders, $1.25@3.40 cows, $2.40@400 heifers, $1.75@3.75 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.50@3.35 Texas steers, $2.80@3.90 western rangers, and $3.00@6.10 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 1,000; sales ranged at $2.50@3.40 western $2.90@3.10 Texans, $2.00@3.50 natives, and

ILLINOIS MELANGE.

TEMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO OUR OWN PEOPLE.

Some of the Principal Happenings of the Week Reported by Telegraph and Placed for Convenience of Our Readers—Matters of Interest.

Neponset, Sept. 4.—William Malson, who works for a farmer named Lou Wilson, living three miles east of Neponset, on returning from work was horrified to find the bodies of Lou Wilson, Mrs. Wilson, his wife, and their 4-year-old son, all lying dead in the barn, shot through the temple. Wilson still held the weapon in his hand, and there appears to be no doubt that he used the weapon to shoot his wife, child and himself. Wilson is about 35 years old and his wife about 40. The coroner has been summoned.

Wilson was well-known here, having been a farmer in this vicinity all his life. He was steady and industrious, and his business seemed to prosper until within the last couple of years, when he has been in financial straits, owing to the general hard times.

Terrible Accident to Child.

Wheaton, Ills., Sept. 8.—Mr. and Mrs. Arnd started with their 2-year-old daughter, Margaret, for church in their surrey Sunday morning and just as they were passing the grounds of the Chicago Golf club the child threw herself from her mother's lap and slid out of the vehicle. In so doing she caught her tiny leg in the wheel and before the team could be stopped the limb had almost been torn from its socket. It all happened so quickly that a crowd of golfers who were within twenty feet of the child could not lend them aid until it was too late.

Y. M. C. A. Building Dedicated.

Pana, Ills., Sept. 8.—The new Y. M. C. A. building which has been in course of construction in this city for the past year was dedicated with fitting ceremonies Sunday afternoon. Over two thousand people attended the dedication exercises, which were held in the main auditorium of the building at 5:30 p. m., and hundreds were turned away, being unable to find standing room in the building. Additional exercises were held in the evening at 7:30 o'clock, which were equally well attended.

Died of His Injuries.

Chicago, Sept. 7.—Timothy Crowley, the engineer who was hurt in the wreck of the fast mail train on the Northwestern road at North Evanston, Tuesday night, died at St. Luke's hospital. He lived at 81 Austin avenue and leaves a widow. For many years Crowley was in the employ of the Northwestern road and was known as a fearless runner.

Illinois Crop Report.

Illinois—Cool, dry week with good progress to crops except in dry southern counties. Early corn cutting general, and late maturing rapidly. Broom corn cuting nearing completion in east central counties and continues in Henry county. Late pastures are good in northern and central counties. Plowing is general.

Counterfeiter Captured.

Alton, Ills., Sept. 8.—A gang of counterfeiters has been operating here for several days. Yesterday Samuel Walker, colored, was taken to Springfield, to answer the charge. Other members of the gang escaped. The spurious coins were of the denomination of half dollar.

Cherry Trees Blooming in September.

Newman, Ills., Sept. 7.—Nelson Harbart, who resides two and a half miles west of this city, has three cherry trees in full bloom. A large crop of fruit was picked from the trees in June, and if frost delays its coming a short time as large or a larger crop than the first one will be gathered.

State Notes.

Irene Phillips and Ida Martin are under arrest at Danville, Ills., charged with robbing the residence of H. P. Patterson.

Owen Moran, aged 29, fell into the cylinder of a separator while threshing near Half Day, Cook county, Ills. His leg was ground off at the knee and death soon resulted.

Charles Carter, of Rock Island, Ills., paid a stranger at Chicago $42 to keep from being arrested. Later Carter learned that he had been hoodwinked and reported the matter to the Harrison street police.

A man supposed to be Robert Chambers, of Ottawa, Ills., an old soldier returning from the encampment at St. Paul, was held up by two men at the corner of Union and Washington streets, Chicago, fearfully beaten, robbed and thrown into a basement at that point.

Miss Annie Hein was held up and robbed on LaSalle avenue, Chicago, fifty feet north of Division street. All the churches of the neighborhood had just ended their services, and hundreds of people were upon the streets.

William Baxter, formerly a prominent citizen of Douglas county, Ills., and late of Wichita, Kan., is, it is said, a fugitive from justice. The crime with which Baxter is charged is forgery.

Horrible Method of Suicide.

St. Louis, Sept. 8.—An attractive girl, aged 22, and of the name of Lizzie Everson, committed suicide in a most horrible manner on a farm eight miles from East St. Louis at 2 o'clock Monday morning. At that hour she arose and told her sister that she was going to get a drink. Half an hour later the family heard a noise made by the cattle in a field near by. Her father, on arising, found two large haystacks were on fire. An odor of burning flesh aroused suspicions of the family and neighbors, as Lizzie could not be found. When the stacks had burned up the charred body of the girl was found. The family can ascribe no cause why she should have taken her life. William Everson, her father, is a man of wealth.

Veteran Disappears at St. Paul.

Chillicothe, Mo., Sept. 7.—Casper Ulmer, a wealthy retired farmer, aged 77 years old, left here last Monday to attend the national G. A. R. encampment at St. Paul, where he arrived on Tuesday. He registered at the Metropolitan hotel and was lodged at a private house just across the street. At 10 o'clock Tuesday night he got up and dressed himself and told his friends that he was going across the street to the hotel. This is the last seen or heard of him, and his family and friends are greatly distressed.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Sept. 2.

Secretary Hoke Smith closed his administration of the affairs of the interior department Aug. 31 and retired from the cabinet.

Alexander R. McIntyre, 20 years old, son of D. C. McIntyre, general manager of the Detroit and Cleveland Navigation company, committed suicide at Cleveland.

Walter B. Perry, an expert engraver who went to Toronto from Chicago a year ago, has gone stark mad over the silver question.

Frank and George Kingston, well-known young men of Iona, Mich., have been arrested for making counterfeit money. A complete outfit for printing bogus bills was captured.

The wholesale liquor dealers, in convention at Cleveland, formed a national association and elected these officers: President, E. L. Snyder, of New York; vice presidents, W. L. Einstein, of Cleveland, and W. E. Broderick, of Baltimore; treasurer, W. A. Sellner, of St. Louis; secretary, W. G. Ross, of New York.

Thursday, Sept. 3.

The Minnesota state bank examiner has taken charge of the Manufacturers' bank of West Duluth, and C. E. Peaslee has been appointed receiver.

The tenants of the Ewart building at 11 to 21 Jefferson street, Chicago, paid T. F. Dowd, the agent, in silver because he is a Bryan man. There were 350 silver dollars.

Every employe of the secretary of war's office has been placed under the civil service law, with the exception of two confidential clerks. This includes messengers and laborers of all kinds.

Thomas H. Phillips, a prominent capitalist at Ottumwa, Ia., was killed by a Burlington switch engine. He was driving and his horses became frightened and ran on the tracks.

An old man giving the name of Harry Beetle passed a worthless check for $10 on Charles Pangritz, a dentist, at Chicago.

The Clyde and Belfast shipbuilders have settled their differences with their employes by conceding the advance in wages demanded by the men.

Friday, Sept. 4.

Miss Frances Willard has issued the official call for the national W. C. T. U. convention to be held in St. Louis Music Hall Nov. 13-18 next.

Lieutenant J. W. Benton, quartermaster of the Ninth cavalry at Fort Robinson, was drowned in the plunge bath at Hot Springs, S. D.

Thomas Glynn killed himself with a pistol at his home in Chicago. Glynn had $200 in the defunct Haymarket bank and the loss of his savings is supposed to have unbalanced his mind.

Agent Nolan, of the Chicago Humane society, brought five destitute children to the detention hospital. They were found almost starved in a tumble-down tenement at the rear of 1315 Forty-seventh street.

The Edgar Thompson steel works of Carnegie's have closed down indefinitely. At least 1,500 men are thrown out of work.

The supreme lodge, Knights of Pythias, has decided that the next meeting will be at Indianapolis on the fourth Tuesday in August, 1898.

Saturday, Sept. 5.

Peter Range, of Vincennes, Ind., fell down the Prospect Hill coal shaft, a distance of 300 feet. He was horribly mangled.

Mrs. Jennie Wilkinson, a widow of Lima, O., met and married Thomas Ruch, a darling young fellow, who robbed her of $300 and jewels and fled.

Joseph Ster, aged 32, was crushed to death in the Phoenix stone yards at Chicago. His head was caught between a stone and the derrick and slowly mashed.

The failure of the First National bank of Helena, Mont., has been announced by the posting of a notice that the bank was unable to meet withdrawals demanded of it.

J. C. Bettis is under arrest at Lima, O., charged with brutally beating his 80-year-old father.

Jerry Vestrand, aged 60, was run down by an express wagon at Chicago and fatally injured. Peter Matthison, the driver, was arrested.

Albert Felix is under arrest at Galena, Ills., charged with killing Battie Berein at Blanding. He admits the deed and says he is glad of it.

Monday, Sept. 7.

It is reported at Washington that Cornelius Vanderbilt has given $100,000 to the Republican campaign fund.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough are at present at Blenheim. The Prince of Wales has promised to visit them on Nov. 28 and will remain a week.

John Wright, a bookmaker of St. Louis, committed suicide by shooting himself.

H. Dumois & Co., of New York city, among the largest importers of West India fruit in America, have assigned because Weyler has stopped fruit shipment from Cuba.

Harvey A. Meyer, carriage manufacturer of Syracuse, is short of cash. His liabilities are $220,000.

The German census of 1895 shows that the percentage of the farming population has shrunken 49½ to 42 since 1882. The increase in the number of persons employed in the different industries is 30 per cent. and in commerce 45 per cent.

A cyclone struck Caldwell, Kas., Friday night doing a great amount of damage to farm property. No one was killed, and few were wounded, the people generally escaping to their cyclone caves.

More

Medical value in a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other preparation.

More skill, more care, more expense in manufacture. It costs proprietor and dealer

More but it costs the consumer *less*, as he gets more doses for his money.

More curative power is secured by its peculiar combination, proportion and process.

More wonderful cures effected, more testimonials, more sales and more increase.

Many more reasons why you should take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

WELL SOLD TURTLE.

IT WAS OF THE SNAPPING KIND, AND THEREBY HANGS THIS TALE.

It Opened the Way For a Country Lad to Wall Street, a Rich Wife and Business Success—Qualities Displayed In a Small Transaction Which Pleased the Banker.

"I would not have minded John's action on the floor the other day," said a broker to a party of friends yesterday, "if he had not used such a tone of suspicion when he demanded more margin on certain stocks that I had with him in a loan."

"It's only his way, Charlie," said a hearer. "He didn't mean to injure you at all."

"Possibly he did not," said the first speaker. "It may have been due to the training that old Dutch banker —— gave him and his innate desire to let nothing escape.

"When he and I were boys," Charlie continued, "I spent several summers on his father's farm out in Jersey. It was there that he met his partner, and there is a curious little story connected with their first business transaction, one in which he 'did' the old fellow, but at the same time endeared himself to him.

"John and I had been fishing, and among other things had caught a snapping turtle that weighed about 20 pounds. We were carrying the snapper home tied to a stick, one having hold of each end of it, when we met the banker driving along in a buggy to his summer home.

"Our catch presented a good appearance, and the old fellow stopped to inquire about it, as he had never seen so large a turtle before except in the market. He asked what we were going to do with it, and we told him what delicious soup it would make. At once he wanted it and offered 50 cents for it. I was for accepting the 50 cents, but not so John. He felt that he had a customer and held out for $1, and he got it.

"Old —— was a little afraid of the snapper's jaws, but John and I bridled the turtle by passing a bit of fishing line around it and between its jaws and so tied its head well back under its shell. We then received our silver dollar, tossed the snapper under the seat of the old man's buggy, and he drove off with it.

"As he did so I started on toward home, but John sat by the roadside.

"'What are you waiting for?' I said.

"'The snapper,' said John.

"'It's gone," said I.

"'Maybe it is, and mebbe it ain't. Wait a minute and watch the old man,' said he.

"And sure enough, before the old man had gone half a mile we heard him yell and then saw him jump from his buggy.

"John rolled on the grass and laughed nearly as loudly as the old man had yelled.

"Picking himself up, he said, 'Let's go get our snapper.'

"'I'd rather have the dollar,' I said.

"'What's the matter with having both?' he replied, and tossing me the dollar and telling me to remain where I was he started up the road after the old man, who was afraid to go near his buggy, for the snapper had bitten through its bridle, had nipped the old man's shins and had taken undisputed possession of the buggy.

"He found the old fellow in a state of consternation, swearing at the snapper in the most expressive German at his command and rubbing his shins at the same time.

"'What you sell me—de devil?' asked the old man.

"'No, a nice fat, juicy snapper,' said John, and I sold him too cheaply, too. He'll make delicious soup and plenty of it.'

"'Donnerwetter! Soup! I'll haf no soup! Gif me my tollar and take de brute.'

"'I haven't your dollar. Charley has it back there in the road. Take the snapper to him, and I guess he'll give you the dollar.'

"'Me! Me take dat eatin ting? I vouldn't get into that puggy now for a quarter each vay. Get 'im out and keep the tollar.'

"It was like rolling off a log for John to take a stick, prod the snapper and jerk him to the ground as soon as he had fastened his jaws upon it. Old Dutchy, as we called him, jumped into his buggy as soon as the snapper reached the ground and drove hurriedly away.

"Of course I rejoined John, and we soon had his snappership swinging from our stick. We walked home in triumph, with the dollar in one pocket and the snapper, metaphorically, in the other. Our joke was too good to keep, and that night we related it to all who visited the mill.

"The old man bore us no ill will, but still he never wanted to buy any more of our 'schnappers,' although he occasionally stopped to look at them from the seat of his buggy when he met us carrying them home.

"John and I were sitting on the mill steps one evening when the old man drove up. He stopped, asked John to ride with him, and together they drove off. They were gone about an hour. That night John said, 'I'm going to be a banker.'

"'You—going to be a banker! What nonsense!' I exclaimed.

"'Nonsense or not, it's a fact. The old man tonight asked me to take a position with him. I told him I knew nothing of the business and would be a failure.'

"'You po a failure!' he said. 'You, who haf solt me a schnapper and haf got my tollar and my schnapper! Dot is too funny. You come vit me. I vant you, and some day I put you on de exchange. You judge human nature, and you know animal nature. De bulls and de bears is de place for you.'

"John went with the old man and ever since has had the dollar in one hand and the snapper on the stick in the other. He married the old man's daughter, got into the firm and now owns the whole concern."—New York Times.

A NOTABLE BANK.

The Most Independent One In the World Is In Norway.

Probably the most independent and aristocratic bank in the world is the Norges or national bank of Norway. It seems to be wholly indifferent to doing business of any kind, and what it does do it insists upon doing in its own deliberate way. Socially the bank is of considerable importance. The directors meet twice a week, and these friendly gatherings are said to be most enjoyable affairs. Loans and discounts form the chief subjects of conversation. No loan or discount can be made without the approval of three of the directors.

Suppose the directors are to hold a meeting on Wednesday and you want to borrow $5,000 on Monday. You apply to Norges bank and are told that the matter will be taken under consideration at the directors' meeting on Wednesday, and you may look for an answer to your application by Thursday. It does not matter in the least that you want the $5,000 on Monday and not Thursday. You simply have to wait.

The origin of this institution was as peculiar as its management is unusual. Soon after the nominal union of Norway and Sweden, in 1814, the latter country began to feel the need of greater money facilities to meet the demands of the rapidly increasing commerce. The problem of securing the necessary capital for a great national institution was a very simple one for the Norwegian government.

It raised stockholders for the bank just as it raised soldiers for its armies. Every well to do citizen was compelled to take so much stock. He was always at liberty to take more if he chose, but always in amounts divisible by five. Bookkeeping was made easy on a new principle, in accordance with which sums ending in other figures than five and zero were to be excluded from the books.

This national bank is also a pawnshop. It is authorized by law to lend money on any nonperishable goods, provided they can be deposited in the bank and kept under lock and key. For this service it charges rather less than the usual pawnbroker's interest, which may perhaps account for the rarity of private pawnshops in Norway. In the regular loan department the curious rule is enforced that loans may not be made for less than one month nor for more than six and only for sums of at least $120.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

COST OF FIRING BIG GUNS.

Some of the Practice Shooting Indulged In Blows Away a Pile of Money.

The days are long past when we English sang in a free and easy way:

Two jolly Frenchmen and one Portugee,
One jolly Englishman could lick them all three.

We are ready enough now to give our possible adversaries all credit for pluck and perhaps for technical skill, and yet, as regards practice in the use of their weapons, we still have them at an immeasurable disadvantage. This factor is commonly omitted from newspaper comparisons, but it would probably have more weight than any other in determining the issue of an actual struggle. Two duelists may each have lion hearts and each the best Damascus blades, but if one has ten times more practice in the art of fencing than the other it is long odds that he will win. So it is with our navy. It has a far greater knowledge of ships, acquired by actual firing practice, than any other power. And the reason of this is precisely because such knowledge is a very expensive thing to acquire, and England is the only nation that cares to afford it.

It is probable that where France, the next naval power, spends a million in sea cruising and gun firing, we spend five. From every gun in our navy having a caliber of 10 inches and under there are fired each quarter eight rounds of ammunition by way of practice and from all guns heavier than 10 inch four rounds a quarter, irrespective of the additional rounds used in the annual "prize firing." The heavy expenditure involved in this item alone may be hinted at by observing that every full round fired from a 6 inch gun costs £16, from an 8 inch gun £30, from a 12 inch gun £128 and from the 16.25 inch, or 110 ton gun, as much as £300. And these figures are only a small part of the story, for the life of a very heavy gun is not a long one, and though a 6 inch gun can fire as many as 500 rounds, 70 or 80 full rounds are the limit of the 110 ton. After firing that amount they will both require a new inner tube, a costly matter enough.—Chambers' Journal.

An Alphabetical Advertisement.

The following remarkable alphabetical ad. appeared in an issue of the London Times away back in 1842: "To Widowers and Single Gentlemen—Wanted, by a lady, a situation to superintend the household and preside at table. She is agreeable, becoming, careful, desirable, English, facetious, generous, honest, industrious, judicious, keen, lively, merry, natty, obedient, philosophic, quiet, rosy faced, sociable, tasteful, useful, vivacious, womanish, Xantippish, youthful, zealous, etc."—St. Louis Republic.

Working Days.

The average number of working days in a year in various countries is as follows: In Russia, 267; in Britain, 278; in Spain, 290; in Austria, 295; in Italy, 298; in Bavaria and Belgium, 300; in Saxony and France, 302; in Denmark, Norway and Switzerland, 303; in Prussia, 305; in Holland and North America, 308, and in Hungary, 312.

The fall of dead branches from a tree is an excellent sign of an approaching storm. The dead wood, much decayed, absorbs moisture and loses its tenacity, thus causing the branch to fall.

Spain has 4,130,000 women over the age of 16.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

Say not "Goodby." The sounds have all regret.
I cannot loose your hand with such a word.
Our ways part here, and yet, O love, and yet
I cannot leave you till my soul has heard
The charm to bring me to your side again,
The dear "Auf wiedersehen."

Say not "Adieu." The word has hidden pain
Within its foreign accents sweet and clear
That haunts my heart with sad and hopeless strain
And pleads with duty just to linger here.
Smile courage in my eyes, O Love, and then
Whisper "Auf wiedersehen."

Say not "Farewell." If thou would'st have it so,
The word, like a wan hand, waves us apart.
I cannot leave, mein liebling—will not go—
Until you whisper, lying on my heart,
The golden bridge between now and then,
The sweet "Auf wiedersehen."
—Grace Duffie-Boylan in American Jewess.

JOHN DOE AND RICHARD ROE.

Two Prominent Legal Names and Their Origin In England.

The houses of York and Lancaster began and ended with strife within a decade, Napoleon and Wellington pursued mutual carnage for only a few brief years, but two belligerents, famous in legal circles, seem to have been predestined for eternal combat and dissensions.

They are John Doe and Richard Roe.

Twin brothers, creatures of the creative British legal mind, these two men of mystery have puzzled the astute minds of judges and lawyers and have caused juries to hang in the jury room while attempting to pour oil on the troubled waters of litigation.

Under the reign of Edward III, when the patient and plodding Saxon was picking his way out of feudal gloom, a new form of legal procedure was enacted by parliament for his relief.

John Bull's love of dominion over land is only equaled by his desire to secure dominion over the high seas, and in the past, as it is now true of the present, whenever he got a hold, a leasehold, a copyhold of any kind upon a spot of earth, great or small, he would cling to it as though the spot was a hallowed heirloom. To repossess the Englishman of his real estate wrongfully withheld from him a writ of ejectment was invented.

Hitherto his means of redress lay through a writ of right or a writ of entry—writs wrapped in a cobweb of maze and technicalities. This writ of ejectment was the mother of John Doe and Richard Roe. These sons, twin boys, were to her as Punch and Judy are to wandering mountebanks, and under the name of one she gathered all the complaints of the plaintiff and under the name of the other all the defenses of the defendant, and thus two armies meet in legal form, while hoodwinked justice in wig and gown, shakes the dicebox.

Slowly the power of monarchy waned and the power of the people grew in strength in old England. The maternal colonies left the maternal roof and set up housekeeping, but both in England and America these two brothers, John Doe and Richard Roe, keep up the family quarrel with fratricidal intent.—Atlanta Constitution.

About Eyeglasses.

If you are so unfortunate as to be compelled to wear eyeglasses or spectacles, see that they fit not only as regards the glasses, but the frames. There is nothing uglier than the marks of ill fitting glasses on either side of the nose. An optician who understands his business measures the bridge of the nose, the distance of the eyes from it and the width of the temples, and bends or fits the glasses accordingly. Apart from the discomfort and disfigurement of badly fitting frames, it is hardly possible that the glasses which they hold are right. They are almost certain to be out of focus. In choosing glasses, although the oculist or optician is bound to provide you with what is right, much depends upon yourself, for he cannot see with your eyes. The great mistake of those not accustomed to lenses is to get them too strong. It is such a pleasure for the moment to see things clearly that we exclaim: "Oh, yes, that's just right," whereas the proper glass would be one of considerably less power.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Buller's Obstinacy.

An English journal tells a story to illustrate the obstinacy of Sir Redvers Buller. During the last Nile campaign, when descending through one of the cataracts on board a river steamer, he got into a discussion with Lord Charles Beresford as to the proper channel that should be taken. Each obstinately defended his own course, but in the end that which Buller insisted upon was adopted, and the steamer got through without accident. "You see I was right!" cried Sir Redvers. "Mine was the proper channel." "That was mine, too," coolly replied Lord Charles. "I only recommended the other because I knew you would go against whatever I said."

The Wisdom of Experience.

Aunt Sabina—Berthy, don't you have none of these here flirtatious young fellers that propose as soon as they call half a dozen times. They ain't no kind of partners for life.

Bertha—But some of them are very nice, auntie.

Aunt Sabina—Never mind that, Berthy. I've lived long enough to know that the hollowest and windiest things is most liable to pop.—Detroit Free Press.

Literary Quacks.

Literature has her quacks no less than medicine, and they are divided into two classes—those who have erudition without genius and those who have volubility without depth. We get secondhand sense from the one and original nonsense from the other.—Colton.

"The Armenian era" began Tuesday, July 9, A. D. 552, when the council of the Armenians formally separated from the church of the Greeks, thus definitely establishing a separate ecclesiastical organization.

STOWING AWAY.

A Foolhardy and Dangerous Method of Getting an Ocean Voyage.

In spite of the fact that the punishment usually meted out to those who try to steal a free passage on a ship is several weeks' hard labor, with the option of a fine, stowaways are even more common today than they were 50 or 60 years ago.

Big passenger steamers, with their hundreds of passengers and their scores of stewards, sailors and stokers, afford innumerable opportunities for stowing away.

Three years ago a stowaway was discovered aboard one of the Allan liners running between Liverpool and Montreal. He was shabbily dressed, but being a big, sturdy looking fellow he was put to work about the ship. When the ship anchored below Montreal, waiting for daylight before entering the harbor, he, it is presumed, slipped quietly overboard and swam ashoare. In any case, when the boat touched at Montreal and was overrun by detectives looking for a notorious jewel robber, it was immediately suspected that the stowaway was the robber and that he had escaped, taking the jewels with him. He was captured some months afterward and confessed that when he swam ashore he had more than $10,000 worth of jewels on his person.

The favorite hiding places of stowaways are the coal bunkers and the narrow passages left when the vessels are loaded with bricks, tiles, iron pipes or other similar cargo. These places are extremely dangerous, and many cases are recorded where the shifting of the cargo has resulted in the death of some unfortunate wretch in hiding.

During the passage of a cargo boat to this country from England the sailors were startled the third day out by a curious scratching, which was immediately attributed to supernatural causes. The scratching continued for three days and then grew quiet and ceased. When the hatches were lifted at the end of the voyage, the emaciated body of a man was found lying on some bags of cement. The poor starving fellow had struggled frantically to get out of the hold.

As for our American liners, it is folly to try stowing away in any of them. The United States will not receive pauper immigrants, and captains are forbidden to land stowaways in this country under a penalty of $2,500. A "free passenger" on one of these ships is promptly clapped in irons and kept there until the ship returns to Liverpool, when he is brought before the authorities.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

TORTURED BY THE TONGUE.

Some Men Who Read This Will Sympathize With Poor Junius.

"H'm!" murmured Mr. Junius from his paper. "A man falls dead while smoking his pipe, and"—

"Don't!" cried Mrs. Junius, raising her hand in protest. "Isn't that what I've always said? And yet you will go on, day after day, with those horrid old cigars and me slaving my life away doing up lace curtains that mother gave us out of the very money she saved up with her own hands keeping hens, and hard enough, too, I can tell you, with eggs only a cent each the very moment hens began laying as they ought to, and I'd like to know where you think you'll land, Julius Junius, if you keep on smoking your life away? Oh, but it is only a step—and for pity's sake I wish you'd fix that one to the front door before some caller trips over it and breaks the knob with her bonnet—and you know I've begged you on my bended knees to leave off before it's too late and not die suddenly, like this man you're reading about, with your life insurance run out, and bringing everlasting disgrace on your wife's family. But what a provoking creature you are, Julius Junius, to sit there grinning and refusing to say a word, and you know I want to hear the rest of the particulars just as well as you do."

As his wife stopped to coal up Mr. Junius laid down the paper.

"The man was 96 years old," he said softly. "Somebody put a cartridge in his pipe for a joke, and it went off and shot him."

And when Mr. Junius came in from the evening club his wife was still flowing on unbrokenly.—Tacks.

That Sinking Feeling.

A good story is being told on one of Louisville's most prominent homeopathic physicians. Several days ago a young woman called at his office, and after discoursing on all the topics of interest of the day settled down to tell him her ailments. Among other things she said that she was greatly annoyed with a sinking feeling. The physician prepared a little bottle of pills and gave them to her, with minute directions as to how they should be taken. The woman again began to talk, and after many vain efforts to get her out she started for the door. She had just opened it when she turned and said, "Oh, doctor, what shall I do if these pills do not cure me?" "Take the cork," he retorted. "They tell me that's good for a sinking feeling." And he called the next patient into his private office.—Louisville Post.

Chose the Less.

Mr. Wickwire—But, my dear, if you discharge the girl without notice she may make it cost us $10 or $15. You know there is an agreement about notice.

Mrs. Wickwire—Yes, and if I give her a week's notice she will manage to break $30 or $40 worth of china before she goes.—Indianapolis Journal.

His Little Joke on Bargain Day.

"My husband played me a mean trick yesterday."

"What was it?"

"He told me folding beds were selling down town at 49 cents each."

"Well?"

"When I got down there they were hammocks."—Chicago Record.

TRIES THE NERVES.

AN OLD FIREMAN ON THE EFFECT OF A SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

The Thoughts That Flash Through the Engineman's Brain Just Before a Collision Occurs—A Smash Up Makes a Man Scary Ever Thereafter.

There is something attractive about railroad life to the man who once enters it. The railroad companies rarely give up a reliable, faithful man. He may become maimed and unfit for the most remunerative positions and be forced to accept some humbler place with a smaller salary attached to it, but it is an unwritten law with most of the great railroad companies that the man who is injured in their service shall be placed in some position where he may obtain his livelihood.

Thus it may happen that when you fall in conversation with the man who occupies a humble switchhouse or a flagman's shanty you are talking with one who has had his share of excitement and been through experiences that would make the hair of the average man stand upon end. A reporter met a switchman the other day the pathos of whose life was expressed in the wooden leg which he used, and as the Empire dashed by he looked up and said:

"Yes, I like railroading. I have been in the business all my life and expect to spend the rest of my days over the rails, but I am quite content to remain here in my little cottage and tend to my flagging rather than have the position of the man who holds the throttle on that big engine which just whizzed by here. You may think it a snap to sit there and ride over the country at the rate of a mile a minute, but I tell you the man carries a load of responsibility on his shoulders which I would not want on mine and which the average man knows very little about. I know something of it, for I was fireman some years ago on one of the fast engines and lost my leg in an accident between here and Albany. But if I had come out of that accident as sound as you are I never should have been able to hold my nerve for any more fast trips. That finished me for that work."

"Then if a man has been hurt in a railroad accident it makes him scary of that kind of work, does it?" asked the reporter.

"You bet it does," answered the switchman with emphasis, "and don't let any one fool you that it doesn't. The man who was running that engine the day I was hurt escaped with hardly a scratch, but he never could keep his time up the way he did before that and finally was put on a freight engine, where the running was a great deal slower.

"I shall never forget the way he looked the afternoon the smash up occurred. Just before the crash came I looked at him. We were rounding a curve down by Schenectady. His long gray hair was flowing in the breeze, his face was set and his eyes fixed on the track ahead.

"All at once he jumped to his feet and reversed the lever and exclaimed in a startled tone, 'My God, we are caught!' It was probably not more than half a minute after when I was lying beneath the engine with my leg crushed, utterly unconscious of the fact that a great wreck had occurred, but every movement and occurrence of that half minute is as vividly impressed upon my mind as if it had taken weeks of time to impress it there.

"As he spoke I looked through the cab window ahead of us, and there, within 20 rods, was a freight engine coming straight at us, and there was no possible chance to escape a crash. The engineer was doing his duty. I knew that. He was reversing the lever, applying the brakes and doing his best to avert what he knew was inevitable, but I had nothing to do, and it seemed as if everything in my life was before me in those few seconds. I felt absolutely sure I was going to die. Strange as it may seem, the thought did not seem horrible to me. A whole lot of the slang sayings, such as, 'You are learning to fire here in this world so as to be prepared for the next,' and 'You won't mind a hot job over there,' and a number of those stale things which a fireman has to take, came into my head, and even in that awful position it occurred to me in a humorous sort of way that I had made a good start here below, or here above, as I might say. The next moment I was thinking of my wife and children—yes, and of mother, too, who had been dead a number of years. A man always thinks of his mother at such a time. But I don't think I had a particle of fear of death. The last thing that was on my mind was the question, Who was to blame for the accident? And that is the last I remember.

"When I came to my senses, I was in a hospital and was minus a leg. Since then I have been constantly employed one way and another by the railroad company, but I never see one of the fast trains go by without thinking of that wreck. The engineer miraculously escaped with scarcely a bruise, but it finished him for that kind of work. He was always seeing engines ahead of him after that, and I have heard that more than once he has slowed up his train in order not to collide with an imaginary engine, which I have no doubt was as real to him as it was on the afternoon the wreck I speak of occurred. As I said before, he was transferred to a freight engine, but even there he was timid and finally left the road altogether.

"You can put it down as a pretty sure thing that when an engineer has been in an accident once he is minus a good share of the nerve which it takes to make his runs on time to the tick, and if he isn't on time he has got to go sooner or later."—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Montreal suffered from fire in 1852, 1,200 residences and stores being blotted out of existence, the property loss exceeding $5,000,000.

POSTAGE ON WEDDING CAKE.

Miscarriage of an Attempt to Economize Prevents a Marriage.

"Do tell me all about Nell's wedding," said the girl in the crash suit. "Did it all go off well? And how"—

"Oh, beautifully!" cried the girl in the white frock. "My dress was perfectly lovely, my gloves were an ideal fit, and my hair kept its curl as well as if I was only attending an old maids' tea party."

"How nice! But tell me about Nell. Was she"—

"She was horrid. Actually wanted me to help her dress for the ceremony! As if I hadn't my bridesmaid's toilet to think of. I am afraid that dear Nell is too selfish to make a really good wife."

"Then she will naturally have an unselfish husband, dear."

"Perhaps so. Oh, it was delightful to walk up the aisle feeling that every eye was fixed on"—

"Yes, I know. But tell me, how did Nell get through the ceremony?"

"I really don't know. My mind was full of the one awful thought that I was standing with my back to all those people, while there was no telling but that my gown was crumpled after that long drive to the church."

"Oh, probably it was all right. Was Nell's gown"—

"And wasn't it too bad that Harold was out of town and unable to see me in my lovely new dress!"

"Oh, well, you can send him a photograph."

"Not unless he apologizes."

"For what, going away? But then, even an engaged man must attend to business."

"It wasn't only that. It was his subsequent behavior. You see, I wanted him to share some of the festivities, so I sent him a box of wedding cake. You should have seen the letter I got in return."

"But perhaps it disagreed with him."

"It wasn't that. You know, I thought it would be nice to write him a sweet little note and slip it in the bottom of the cake box, so that when he had eaten it all he would have a pleasant surprise."

"Good gracious, do you mean to say that you gave the box away and never knew"—

"No, I don't. The—well, the truth is that those horrid, mean postoffice employees actually opened the box and found the note! Oh, how I do despise such prying inquisitiveness! Not satisfied with that they"—

"Goodness, can—can they send you to jail for violating the postal laws?"

"No, they can't. But they actually made Harold pay letter postage on the box before they would give it to him. Four square inches of wedding cake cost him just $1.50, and now he—he says that he is afraid that I am n-not economical enough to make a g-good wife for a poor man! After I had put the note in the box—save extra postage too!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

YANKEE PLUCK NEEDED.

Good Field In Central America For American Enterprise and Ingenuity.

Taken as a whole, Central America offers a fair field for foreign enterprise, says The North American Review. By young men of self denying and sober habits, possessing a capital of $5,000 and a tolerably good knowledge of the Spanish language, success either in commerce, agriculture or mining may be confidently counted upon, but they must avoid all interference in local politics. In these as in all other countries the foreigner whose character and mode of life command respect will very seldom, if ever, suffer molestation at the hands of the authorities. The Nicaragua canal, if once commenced in earnest, will open up the almost inexhaustible resources of that republic, and the engineering works alone will offer lucrative employment to thousands of foreigners. Its physical difficulties are insignificant compared with those which De Lesseps never overcame on the isthmus of Panama, and perhaps the greatest obstacle to contend with is the silting of the alluvial deposits at the mouth of the San Juan river, the Atlantic entrance to the canal. Its whole length will be 194 English miles, 110 of which are included in the great Lake of Nicaragua, 134 feet above the sea level, whose total superficial area is 3,668 English square miles. A short cutting will connect the lake with that of Managua, 156 feet above the sea level, with a superficial area of 600 English miles, being 50 miles long and 25 miles broad, with an average depth of five fathoms.

The Oily Menhaden.

The oily character of the menhaden is familiar. It is caught for its oil, which is tried out in factories. Menhaden fishermen use purse nets, which are tarred to preserve them. To keep their hands from sticking to the tarred nets they rub on them a freshly caught menhaden, handling it somewhat as they would a cake of soap. So oily is the menhaden that the simple pressure thus applied is enough to bring through the scales oil sufficient for the purpose.—New York Sun.

Good Breeding.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners. It carries along with it a dignity that is respected by the most petulant. Ill breeding invites and authorizes the familiarity of the most timid. No man ever said a pert thing to the Duke of Marlborough. No man ever said a civil one to Sir Robert Walpole.—Chesterfield.

Must Be Posted.

"Does young Whittle know much about politics?"

"Yes, I think he does. He has had several chances to run for office and didn't do it."—Washington Star.

The first iron forge in English North America was located at Raynham in the year 1652.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 60 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 12, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—"The Prisoner of Zenda."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"A Social Highwayman."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Milk White Flag."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Vaudeville.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"A Woman in Black."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway:
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

A SUBURBAN BIGOT ATTACKS AMERICAN CATHOLICS.

It is one of the strange things of human existence that sometimes men whose profession is to preach love, peace and charity to all mankind often excel their lay brethren in expressions of spite and intolerance toward those who differ from them in the matter of faith. The most contemptible person who inhabits the earth is a narrow, bigoted minister of religion. He is generally [illegible] concerns his own cramped and limited sect. Outside of that he knows nothing, he cares for nothing. If Christ does not appear to others as a Methodist, or a Baptist, or a Universalist, as it may happen, the "fretful sectary" views them with hatred and suspicion. The narrowest ecclesiastical bigots are generally to be found in the suburbs of great cities, where many of them are exiled, "for the good of the service," no doubt.

The latest development of suburban intolerance is to be found in a contribution of Rev. A. A. Thayer, D. D., of LaGrange, Ill., to the Universalist of this city, published August 22, and bearing the title of "Dangers and Helps of the Republic." Of course he singles out the Catholics, more especially the Irish Catholics, as "dangerous to the Republic," heedless of the fact that they have contributed toward its support, fought for it and bled for it from its foundation to the present time. We are surprised that a sour bigot should be found among the Universalists, because, in general, they are liberal people, who believe in an easy going God and a very mild homeopathic kind of hell. But the Rev. Dr. Thayer is, evidently, an exception, if he is to be fairly judged by his published sentiments. In the course of the contribution referred to, he has this to say:

"We are now ready to return to our original query,—Will the Christian religion save the Republic from the dangers of mischievous foreign emigration, and from the mobilization of population in towns and cities? Both Providence and nature are full of antidotes, of rebuttals and counteracting forces. Every patriot's heart should be aglow with the thought that not all emigrants to this country are vicious. And further, that not all are Roman Catholics. Protestant emigrants are the antidotes, the counteracting forces of the Catholics. When this land of the free began to be filled with fatness, the Irish Catholics hastened into this country, in phenomenal numbers first, because they were the poorest. You will recall the potato rot famines from 1845 to 1870. Before that date there were single landed estates in the south of Ireland yielding $10,000, or $15,000, and even $25,000 per year as net rentals of the land. And when the famine came, these heartless and lofty landlords shipped over to this country thousands and tens of thousands of paupers and jail-emptyings. They were landed here upon an enforced charity simply because the shipment at the landholders' charge was cheaper than to be taxed for their support at home. And we have received vast hundreds of thousands of these dregs of humanity from that day to this."

Dr. Thayer is in sad error as regards the masses of Irish emigrants to this country. They were neither "assisted" by the English government nor by the landlords, nor were they "jail-emptyings," for all Ireland at that period did not contain as many criminals as any single shire of Protestant England. Many emigrants were "assisted" from Ireland to Canada and other British colonies, but the vast mass of those who came to the United States paid their own way, out of the wrecks of their humble fortunes. Dr. Thayer should remember, also, that it was his civilized, Protestant England that was entirely responsible for the wholesale exodus from Ireland. She stood behind the "heartless and lofty landlords" with 50,000 armed men and unlimited cannon. She looked on while the landlords, her garrison in Ireland, swept the island with the scourge of Atilla, doing to death "by famine or typhus fever induced by famine," one million five hundred thousand souls in three years. Double that number were driven to foreign lands, where English hatred and calumny pursued them, until "Americans," like Dr. Thayer—we presume he is an "American" by birth—drank the poison into their bowels and are not done exuding it from their systems yet. It is on record that many families were evicted in Ireland by prelates and ministers of the Established Protestant church, but it is not on record that a single Catholic bishop or priest forgot the merciful teachings of Christ during the unparalleled affliction that fell upon their country. Many Protestant clergymen, also, showed a noble and self-sacrificing spirit during that awful period, but they did not, as a majority, like the Catholic clergy, enter the infected cabins of the poor to succor the afflicted, to administer the last sacraments, and, often, to die of typhus fever contracted in the performance of their spiritual duties.

Further on in his contribution, Dr. Thayer is guilty of this flagrant lie:

"It is no slander, but simple adhesion to the facts to say that the Roman Catholic emigration, from the start, has been the most dangerous and demoralizing and disturbing element in our civilization. It has been with us but not of us. It is the one only element which owes allegiance to an intriguing, religious and foreign power. It is the one element, with the old dragon in front and a priest at the helm, steering always for political preferment and national dominance."

The Roman Catholic church in this country, in the number of its charities and educational establishments and in its practical methods of preaching and teaching Christ's gospel, has made a record so magnificent that its enemies, unable to truthfully impeach the grandeur of its record, malign and [illegible] serpent, their inspirer, constrained to lie brazenly and "spit their venom at its feet." It is not on record that a single practical Roman Catholic became an anarchist, or an enemy of order in any form. Plenty of Protestants did, as Dr. Thayer well knows.

The old fable about the political influence of Rome disturbs nobody but fanatical fools like Dr. Thayer. The Queen of England, through the Protestant bigots of the United States, has more influence in our politics than any other foreign and intriguing power. "American" Protestants of Dr. Thayer's type would like to have the Queen of England wipe her feet on their backs so that they might glory in their degradation. It is from them the Republic ought to pray to be delivered, not from the Roman Catholics.

We suppose there are many ignorant Protestants in this country who may take for gospel truth anything written or spoken by Dr. Thayer, and by others of his kind. As for the enlightened Protestants of all creeds they will only laugh at the statements of such shallow mischief makers. A gnat on the hide of an elephant is a giant in size compared with little Thayer butting his puny head against the majestic rock on which stands the august Church of Rome.

THE INDIANAPOLIS ABSURDITY.

As was anticipated by most people who gave any study to the situation, John M. Palmer, of Illinois, with S. B. Buckner, of Kentucky, for running mate, was nominated for the presidency by the gold Democrats at Indianapolis. Senator Palmer may be described as a political tradition—an office-running institution, time honored in Illinois. He is an estimable old gentleman personally, but is considered by many to be in his political dotage—especially as he has consented to run on a platform which embodies a plank with "tariff for revenue only" stamped upon it in letters of brass. The sensible public must stand amazed at the stupid audacity of the Tomlinson hall platform-builders, who will not be convinced that practical free trade for this country is a delusion, in spite of the most bitter and distressing experience. The currency controversy has hurled so much dust into the eyes of the people that they have partially lost sight of the main issue. Four years more of low tariff, leaving out the gold versus silver question, would reduce the United States to utter ruin. There is not a gold Democrat, from John M. Palmer down, that dare face the people as an advocate of low tariff; but they will stick the exploded policy into their platform. The whole thing reminds us of a story which we paraphrase thus: Says William McKinley to William J. Bryan, "If a gold standard, with conditioned bimetallism, is the thing, I'm right. If free coinage at 16 to 1 is the thing, you are right, Brother Bryan; but whether gold or free silver is the correct thing, Brother Palmer, you are not right." THE CITIZEN respects the gold Democrat who may vote for McKinley, the silver Republican who may vote for Bryan, but it has no respect for the timid nondescript who may vote for the Indianapolis Demorump ticket.

BRYAN ON A FREE BALLOT.

In his speech before the united labor organization at Sharpshooter's Park on Monday, Mr. Bryan refrained as much as was possible from alluding to the current political campaign, but, of course, there were many passages in his address that admitted of reading certain things between the lines. Nobody who has a sense of the dignity of American citizenship—no matter what party he belongs to—can seriously dissent from the following remarks of Mr. Bryan, which were received with unbounded enthusiasm by his audience:

"Now, when you come to use the ballot, I want you to remember that the ballot was given to you, not by any man who employs you, not by any man whatever. It was given to you by law. You had it before he employed you; it will be yours when your employment ceases. You do not tell him that if he does not vote according to your opinion you will quit working for him. And yet you have just as much right to tell him that as he has to tell you that you have got to quit working for him if you do not vote the way he wants you to. My friends, when I say this I am not afraid of offending anybody, because if there is an employer in this country who believes that he has a right because he is paying wages to control the vote of those to whom the wages go—I say, if there is such an employer, I cannot offend him, because that man cannot be offended by anything. I have known of men who thought because they loaned a man money that, therefore, as long as they held his notes, he must vote as they wanted him to, or risk foreclosure. I am not afraid of offending any man who has that opinion, because the man who would use a loan to intimidate a citizen, has yet to learn the genius of the institutions under which he lives.

"I cannot impress upon your mind any more important truth than this, that your ballot is your own, to do with it what you please; and that there is nobody that must be satisfied with your vote except your own judgment and your own conscience. There is only one person, there is only one citizen, in this country who can prove himself unworthy of the ballot which has been given to him, and that [illegible] and either sells it or permits it to be wrested from him under coercion. Whenever a man offers you pay for your vote he insults your manhood, and you ought to have no respect for the man who tries to do it. And the man who, instead of insulting your manhood by an offer of purchase, attempts to intimidate you or coerce you insults your citizenship as well as your manhood."

Employers should avoid even the appearance of influencing the votes of their employes. If the latter ask to be instructed on a political subject, which is hardly probable, then, indeed, the employer would be justified in giving them his peculiar views, but not otherwise. As for the man who would foreclose a mortgage or refuse to renew a note because his client voted adversely to his opinion, such a person should be classed below a highbinder or a horse thief.

ABOUT CITY AND COUNTRY SOLDIERS.

A military correspondent of the Irish Times, writing of the recent practice marches of English infantry columns through the province of Leinster, says: "Young, strong, country lads are what are wanted for our small army, not the corner boy class, deficient in everything that a would-be soldier should possess. The young men of Wicklow, Kildare, Queen's county and Kilkenny would not have fallen out of the ranks as town-bred youths have done in the present short marches."

It is to be hoped that the "country lads" of the counties mentioned may have more self-respect than to sell their manhood for a shilling a day, or at any price whatever, to the enemies of their country. Judging by the tone of the correspondent's letter, we should say that the red-coated recruiting sergeant has a dull time of it in Ireland just now. The Irish peasantry are no longer the bold, but misled, fools who "climbed the steeps and filled the moats of Badajos" for the honor and glory of England. Apart from this view of the question, however, we can assure the Irish Times correspondent that, during the war of the rebellion, our city boys seemed to thrive on hard tack, "salt horse," "sow belly," beans and forced marches. They did, in fact, better, as regards endurance, than many of the country-raised regiments. The men recruited for the latter were generally accustomed to more generous meals and regular hours. The city boys, of the class that most readily enlist, were mainly light eaters, and irregular hours of retiring and rising had no hardships for them. Besides, they had more resources against the tedium of camp, and the weariness of the march. Some of the city regiments could boast of excellent amateur actors and minstrels, and their voices might be heard ringing out in grand chorus up to the hour of "taps"—when all the lights are supposed to go out—and, sometimes, if somewhat exhilarated, a little later. The country boys generally went into their blankets, such of them as were not on duty, at sundown. We think the surgeon-general's statistics of the civil war will show that the percentage of mortality from sickness was lower among the city regiments than those recruited in the country districts; while the percentage of those killed and wounded in battle was as high, and in many cases, higher. The battle mortality in some of the New York city raised regiments—notably those of Meagher's Irish Brigade—was, perhaps, the highest in the whole union army.

THE OVER-TAXATION OF IRELAND.

It would appear that a portion, at least, of the British press has aroused itself to the necessity of making some satisfactory adjustment in the matter of the over-taxation of Ireland. The Speaker (Liberal) of recent date had an editorial from which the following is excerpted:

"It may be taken as a fact—and a fact which it is the bounden duty of the English people to consider—that the royal commission has reported, after three years of exhaustive study, that Ireland is very seriously over-taxed. The report is practically unanimous. The chancellor of the exchequer, in the budget of the present year, is aggravating the injustice, while, in face of the report of the commission, and in face of the failure of the British witnesses to make out any case for the present system, he professes to have an open mind on the whole question. It is too late for that open mind. The pickpocket might as well say that he had an open mind on the morality of thieving. . . . The one thing which the report makes clear is that the Imperial parliament is on its trial. It has a clear duty pointed out to it, dictated by common honesty, but implying, as honesty so often does, a certain amount of self-sacrifice. If parliament fails to do its duty, let us, at least, have no more cant about killing home rule with kindness."

Nor is the Liberal Speaker alone in its attitude toward the taxation question, for we find in the Tory Saturday Review, of Aug. 25, the following peculiar admissions:

"The royal commission appointed to enquire into the financial relations of Great Britain and Ireland, published its report several weeks ago. Ten out of the thirteen commissioners agree in that we have taken £2,750,000 a year more from Ireland than Ireland ought to have paid. And this fleecing of England's weaker sister has been going on at this rate for something like half a century. According to the finding of a commission, [illegible] we owe Ireland considerably over £100,000,000 sterling, a sum that, wisely expended on light railways, harbor extensions and drainage schemes, would go far, even now, towards making Ireland prosperous. Had this sum been left in Ireland to fructify, it is more than likely that Ireland would never have suffered as she suffered in the early eighties, and then we should have had home rule in a much milder form. But will England, even now, act generously in this matter?—there's the rub. We hope so, and shall press the point in and out of season. This report has yet another bearing; it explains the existence of the physical force party in Irish politics, just as the illegal levy of ship money explained Hampden's revolt. Consequently, we hope that the home secretary will imitate President Kruger's magnanimity, and set the so-called dynamite prisoners free, for those men, at any rate, took no lives and shed no blood. Moreover, we want to make friends with the Irish, and that is to be accomplished by giving them what they want, so far as their desires are consistent with higher laws, and not what they think they want."

The Review sadly misunderstands the Irish character if it supposes that the restitution of £100,000,000 sterling stolen from Ireland will make friends of the plundered people. It would, of course, be a good work to restore the money to Ireland—a work that any honorable nation would cheerfully perform, but Ireland needs something nobler than mere money to satisfy the cravings of her spirit, and that is the restoration of her national independence. Then, and not till then, will she be friendly toward England.

MAJ. M'CLURE AND CAPT. BUCKLEY'S IRISH EXPERIENCE.

Maj. W. C. McClure and Capt. William Buckley, of this city, returned from their trip to Ireland on Wednesday of this week, and were amazed that their remarks made at public meetings in Dublin and Waterford should have been misinterpreted. Neither gentleman went to those meetings voluntarily. They went on pressing invitation, not wishing to be churlish. Both advocated the unity of the Irish race, and denounced faction in every shape and form. They said, among other things, that no man or no party was greater than the cause of Ireland. This sentiment may have given offense to certain ambitious persons. The Redmondite papers were particularly unfair, and even inhospitably rude, in their remarks. They sought to make it appear that Maj. McClure and Capt. Buckley tried to represent themselves as delegates to the recent convention held in Dublin, whereas they did nothing of the kind. They told their hearers plainly that they represented only themselves, and that they would return to the United States before the convention was held, which they did. As they went to Ireland with the best possible intentions and good will toward men of all parties, the Major and Captain feel pained that Irish hospitality should have been violated, by the Weekly Independent particularly, in their case. They said or did nothing to call for low and insulting comment. They deported themselves courteously to everybody while in Ireland, and expected to be courteously treated in return. Irishmen of all sections who have visited Chicago were received most kindly, and no Chicagoans did more for their comfort than Maj. McClure and Capt. Buckley. Under these circumstances, they think Mr. Redmond should have called off his editors and allowed them to depart in peace. Factious spirit is, however, so high in Ireland at present, that nobody is held sacred, and the best thing Irish-American visitors to Ireland can do is to hold strictly aloof from all meetings that may be held there, for the present at least.

REV. DR. HIRSCH.

The Rev. Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, pastor of Sinai congregation, who was taken suddenly ill during the services on Tuesday (Jewish new year), is, we are happy to be in a position to state, convalescent. He simply became overheated, owing to the great attendance at the services. The Irish-American people, whose consistent friend he has ever been, owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Hirsch, and they will join with us in congratulating him on his recovery.

LET HIM MOVE TO CHICAGO.

A St. Louis correspondent, who signs himself "Irish Catholic," makes bitter complaint against the Catholic ecclesiastical authorities of that archdiocese for the recent drastic pronouncements against the attendance of Catholic children at the public schools. He particularly complains that parents who refuse to send their children to the Catholic parochial schools will be refused the sacraments; and that Catholic singers are prohibited from singing in the choirs of Protestant churches. If matters in St. Louis are as "Irish Catholic" states, we deeply sympathize with the afflicted Catholic people of that archdiocese, who, so to speak, are placed on the sharp horns of a very serious dilemma. We cannot believe that such rigid laws will be enforced by Archbishop Kain, who bears a high reputation for piety and sagacity. If, however, "Irish Catholic" cannot stand the St. Louis regulations, we advise him to move to Chicago, where we are blest with an archbishop whose administration of his high office is characterized by indulgent love of his people and [illegible] wisdom.

MR. BRYAN'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

Mr. Bryan's letter accepting, in formal fashion, the Chicago nomination, appeared too late for reproduction in THE CITIZEN this week, but we will publish the full text in next week's issue, as we wish to give fair play to the respective candidates. We notice, particularly, that in the letter Mr. Bryan practically ignores the tariff issue, and devotes himself mainly to the currency question.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers who have received bills during the last few weeks, especially those in arrears, would confer a favor on this office by remitting without delay. Promptness in this matter will save us trouble and expense, and our friends the annoyance of frequent billing.

THE CITIZEN is pleased to be able to announce that Mr. John J. Flinn, the talented chief editor of The Observer, who met with a serious accident while cycling last week, is now out of danger, and will be able to resume his editorial duties before election day.

GEN. JOHN C. BLACK, a gentleman gifted with self-respect, has decidedly refused to accept the nomination for governor on the Demorump ticket in this State. Now the Demorumps are looking around for somebody else to pull their chestnuts out of the fire, and have, it is said, agreed on "Foxy Bill" Forman, the Public Accuser. Well, he's about as good a man to knock down as anybody we know of.

FATHER PHELAN'S VIEWS.

The Editor of the Western Watchman Has Strong Opinions in Regard to the Alleged Hoarding of Gold.

The Rev. Father D. S. Phelan edits the Western Watchman, published in St. Louis, and it is not stretching the truth to say that it is the most widely read Catholic paper west of the Alleghany chain. He has very strong opinions on the currency question, as the following, excerpted from an editorial in the Watchman of a recent date, will show:

"We are forced to conduct the business of the country on one-half the capital we had two years ago. It might appear that this is an exaggerated view; that most of the gold is held as reserve and that if it were not so held paper currency would have to duty as emergency money. But the hoarding of the bankers is aggravated by the demands of trusts and insurance companies, who insist on doing business on a gold basis. Not only is the gold held from circulation, but the paper money and silver that are in the hands of the people are discredited and made useless for traffic in certain lines of business. Our gold is gone, and our silver and paper are under impeachment. How can we conduct the business of the country under such conditions? Our readers are not, perhaps, aware of the power exercised by one little five dollar bill. Let us presume that there are 10,000 people in St. Louis owing $5.00 and less. It means a gross indebtedness of, say $40,000. This is a good deal of money. Of these 10,000 debtors only one is able to pay. He has in his pocket a five dollar bill. He pays A. One debt is extinguished. A pays B and another debt is extinguished. And so on until the 10,000 little obligations are cancelled. One five dollar bill has paid $40,000 of debts, and is fresh in the hands of the last creditor and ready to continue indefinitely its mission of redemption. In the course of time this one bill will ransom from debt a million people. Had it remained in the vest pocket of the first man, not one of those debts could have been paid. From this, one can form a faint idea of the injury to the people and the commercial world, resulting from the hoarding of $500,000,000 of gold."

IRELAND'S WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

An Appeal From the Irish National Alliance.

HEADQUARTERS IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE, NEW YORK, Aug. 25, 1896.—TO THE IRISH PEOPLE IN AMERICA—*Friends:* The men who, for thirteen years have suffered untold tortures for the crime of loving Ireland, have been thrown upon the world by the British government now, when they are utterly broken in health and at the point of death.

In a few days they will be with us in this land of liberty.

These men are the wounded soldiers of Ireland and it is the duty of the Irish race to come to their rescue.

They must have rest and be carefully tended if they are ever to resume their places in this world.

To secure this needed rest and care, a large sum of money will be an absolute necessity.

For this reason we appeal to you for the sake of common humanity and the love you bear the patriots, who went into the fight for our motherland.

There is no one so poor as not to be able to aid in this noble work.

Contributions should be sent without delay to Hon. P. V. Fitzpatrick, Treasurer Irish National Alliance, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago, Ill., who will forward the amount received to Mr. P. J. Cody, Treasurer of the New York Amnesty committee, Independence Hall, Twenty-seventh street and Third avenue, New York.

Acknowledgment of all contributions will be made in the Irish Republic, THE CITIZEN and the daily papers.

WILLIAM LYMAN,
President, I. N. A., New York.
O'NEILL RYAN,
Vice-President, St. Louis, Mo.
C. O'C. MCLOUGHLIN,
Secretary, New York.
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[illegible]
JAMES LAWLER, Galveston, Tex.
CHRIS GALLAGHER, Minneapolis, Minn.
MICHAEL MANGAN, Fon du Lac, Wis.
J. M. KENNEDY, Anaconda, Mont.
THOMAS H. GREEVY, Altoona, Pa.
Executive Committee.

ALEXIAN BROTHERS' HOSPITAL.

The Corner-Stone of the New Institution to Be Laid With Imposing Ceremonies at an Early Date.

Pursuant to an invitation extended to the Catholic societies of Chicago by Brother Aloysius Schyns, provincial rector of the Alexian Brothers, about two hundred representatives met last Sunday at Orpheus hall, to prepare for a grand Catholic demonstration in connection with the corner-stone laying of the new Alexian Brothers Hospital, which is to be built on Belden and Racine avenues. The meeting was opened by Rev. Father Lambert, who explained to the delegates why it was desired by the Brothers, and especially by the Most Rev. Archbishop that the corner-stone laying of the new hospital be made a grand Catholic demonstration. He referred to the importance of the great and charitable work done by the Brothers in their various hospitals, and explained that the building of the new hospital was not only an important event for the Catholic population of the city, but for all citizens irrespective of nationality or creed, and he urged the representatives of the various societies to use every effort to interest all their members to make as large a showing as possible.

The delegates assembled then proceeded to organize, and Prof. J. P. Lauth was elected chairman, and Mr. Theodore B. Thiele, high secretary of the Catholic Order of Foresters, secretary of the organization. The chairman, after assuming his seat, also urged the representatives of the societies to do their utmost, and then called upon those present to announce the societies which had decided to participate. About seventy-five societies were announced, among them being branches of the Catholic Order of Foresters, Knights of St. John, Catholic Knights of America, Ancient Order of Hibernians, and branches of the Roman Catholic Central Society and of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. A number of Young Men's societies and local benevolent societies from various parishes also announced their intention to participate. The delegates were instructed to interest all the societies in the parishes to which they belonged, and which were not represented at the meeting.

A great effort has been made by the Brothers to reach all the societies direct, but with the large number of Catholic societies in existence in this city, it was only natural that some should be overlooked. It is the wish, not only of the Brothers, but particularly of the Most Rev. Archbishop of the diocese, that all societies which can possibly arrange to do so will participate on this occasion, and any society which has not been invited is urgently requested to consider this an official invitation, and if possible send delegates to the next meeting, which will take place on Sunday, Sept. 13, at 2 o'clock p. m., at Orpheus hall, seventh floor, Schiller building.

THE BATTLE OF CASTLEBAR.

Aug. 27, 1798.

BY JOHN C. O'NEILL.

(*Carlow Vindicator.*)

On Aug. 22, 1798, three French frigates cast anchor in Killala Bay, having on board 1,000 men with arms for 1,000 more, under the command of Gen. Humbert. With the French general were Matthew Tone and Bartholomew Teeling, and when the troops landed they were joined by most of the insurgent leaders in the district, together with a large body of pikemen. Humbert entered Ballina on the 24th without resistance, and the same night marched to Castlebar, the county town. Lord Lake and Gen. Hutchinson with 5,000 men held Castlebar for his Britannic majesty. Castlebar, which was soon to be the scene of a sanguinary conflict, could only be approached by two routes—by the Foxford road and a long deserted mountain road leading through the Pass of Barnagee, within sight of the town. Humbert chose the unguarded route, and to the surprise of the British generals descended through the Pass of Barnagee soon after sunrise on Aug. 27. His force consisted of 900 French bayonets, and about 2,000 Irish recruits, armed with guns and pikes. The action, which commenced about 7 o'clock, was short, sharp and decisive, the yeomanry and regulars broke and fled, some to Tuam and others to Athlone, more than sixty miles from the scene of action. The English admitted to have lost in this decisive engagement 18 officers and 350 men, while the French commander estimated the British loss in killed alone at 600 men. Fourteen guns and five stand of colors fell into the hands of the victorious French. Immediately after the battle a provisional government was formed at Castlebar, with Mr. Moore, of Moore Hall, as president.

The above engagement was called the "Races of Castlebar," from the velocity with which the English fled from the field of battle.

The French have come! the French have come!
Hearken to the rolling drum!
See their bristling bayonets gleam,
And their banners gally stream.
Hear the bugle's ringing sound,
At last they tread on Irish ground,
And England's serried ranks shall reel
Before the shock of Gallic steel.

Tremble Britain, for the hour
Has come when thy once mighty power
Shall be shattered at a blow,
By him you count a bitter foe.
Note Napoleon's grand advance,
And dread the blades of gallant France.
Assemble all thy fierce dragoons
To meet stout Humbert's brave platoons.
At Ballina the bayonets gleam,
And Gallic eagles fiercely scream—
A warlike nation's proud defiance,
Arise, and face the new alliance.
For Freedom is arrayed to strike,
With Gallic sword and Irish pike!

What though Carlow and Kildare
Fought and failed—we still declare
To wage this battle 'gainst the foe—
Come joy or sorrow, weal or woe.
To the end, the bitter end,
We've sworn Ireland to defend.
And that vow we mean to keep
Until our Isle has ceased to weep.
Until the flag of gold and green
Above the English red is seen,
Waving grand, triumphantly,
The symbol of our liberty.
A token that our sires have bled
To raise the green above the red!

What, though Wexford bit the dust
In grim defeat—her cause was just;
And gallantly she did sustain
That cause on many a gory plain.
Yes, on many a shot-swept slope
She upheld the poor forlorn hope.
When cannon thundered o'er the field
Her bosom did old Erin shield.
Oulart, Gorey, Carrigrew,
Enniscorthy and Carnew,
Red New Ross and Vinegar Hill,
Newtownbarry, Fooke's Mill,
Ballyellis, Arklow Town,
Reflect her honor and renown.
Ah! Wexford, if all had fought like thee,
We'd have seen the end of tyranny!

What, though gallant Ulster stood,
Until the strife was quenched in blood.
Valiantly she did her part;
Stout of hand and true of heart.
Antrim town a tale can tell
Of those who fought and those who fell.
When stout McCracken led the van,
Like frightened hares the red coats ran.
The Northern hills echoed the stroke
Of those who fought 'gainst Britain's yoke.
But a slight mistake—a simple flaw—
Placed them beneath the lion's paw,
And lost the fight so dearly won
Before the setting of the sun!
But oh, in Ulster yet there's life,
And she is eager for the strife.
And the rebel green again shall soar
Above the crest of Donegore.

What, though Munro met his doom,
In manly vigor, youth and bloom.
At Lisburn he was proud to die,
With dauntless mien and flashing eye;
Rebel heart that never quailed
When tyranny our land assailed;
Fearless soul that ne'er did flinch
That awful day at Ballinahinch.
Though the grass grows on thy grave,
Above it Freedom's flag shall wave.
The cause ye died for shall be won
By manly sire and youthful son;
For already in the sunlight glance
The blades of Ireland and of France.

Five thousand British make their way
To Castlebar at break of day,
Led on by Hutchinson and Lake,
Against the French the field to take.
Five thousand veterans advance
To meet the sons of gallant France;
Horse, foot and artillery,
Take up position cautiously;
And far as human eye may scan
Extends the English battle van.
The pride and pomp of glorious war
Now reigns supreme o'er Castlebar.

Through the Pass of Barnagee
Sweep the Gallic chivalry.
Right upon the English lines,
While the sun in splendor shines.
Muskets flash and cannons roar,
And in the air the bomb shells soar.
And before the weight of Gallic steel
The scarlet ranks of England reel;
Humbert's great guns loudly thunder,
The British lines are cleft asunder.
The gunner falls beside his gun,
And the routed troops are on the run.
To Tuam and Athlone, far away,
The British fled without delay,
With tidings of their sore defeat,
Their awful loss and wild retreat!

SEVENTH INFANTRY NOTES.

Special Order No. 30.

Upon the recommendation of the company commanders the following appointments and promotions of non-commissioned officers are made in Companies D and I: Co. D, Corporal James A. Fowler to be Sergeant, vice Burns reduced; Private John McGillen to be Corporal; vice Ryan reduced; Private Patrick Leahy to be Corporal, vice Kearney reduced; Private William L. Looney to be Corporal, vice White promoted; Private John J. Kelly to be Corporal, vice Fowler promoted. Co. I, Privates F. W. Boyle, John J. Thomas, D. C. K. O'Shea and Edgerton A. Wing to be Sergeants; Privates Cornelius S. Kelly, John F. Reardon and Michael O'Donnell to be Corporals.

The school for commissioned officers, under the direction of Col. Kavanaugh, will commence on the 21st inst. and continue every Monday evening until further orders. The school for non-commissioned officers, under the direction of Sergt.-Maj. Kelly, will commence at the same date.

I understand that all company commanders (captains and lieutenants) who in the future are elected to fill vacancies in the different companies will have to pass a strict examination before receiving their commissions, also that some of the present company commanders will have to appear before the examining board, and if not thoroughly competent will be reduced. This is a move in the right direction, and cannot fail to result in good to the regiment.

Last Sunday four companies, under the command of Capts. Murphy and Ryan and Lieuts. Moore and Roddy, turned out to act as an escort of honor to the Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago, at the laying of the corner-stone of St. Bernard's church, Sixty-fifth street and Stewart avenue. The boys presented a splendid appearance in their dress uniforms and helmets, and received many compliments on their marching and deportment. I noticed a number of our men marching in the ranks of our friends, the Clanna-Gael Guards, who, as they always do, presented a fine appearance. I feel proud to see the feeling of unity and friendship that exists between the Guards and the Seventh. I also noticed in the procession Sergt. Ed White, of Co. D, who was in command of the Second Division, consisting of the C. O. F. and St. Anne's Cadets, of which he is instructor. He received much praise for the appearance his cadets made. Among the members of the Y. M. I. I saw the smiling face of our bright, young adjutant, Capt. Cassidy. Our worthy chaplain, Rev. Edward A. Kelly, was deacon of ceremonies. So, I think, the gallant Seventh did their part to make the affair one to be remembered.

In regard to Father Kelly, I noticed an article in the Military Gazette entitled "Veterans of the Guard," in which high tributes was paid to him. I thank the Gazette in the name of the Seventh Regiment, and can assure it that the members of the Seventh appreciate its fairness and the spirit of friendship evinced in its columns.

On Sunday evening, the 6th inst., Co. I, under command of Capt. Ryan, proceeded to Electric Park where, together with Col. Ford's zouaves, they took part in a sham battle, called the "Capture of Fort Donelson." There were fireworks galore and lots of blank cartridges used, the thousands of spectators present declaring the battle a great success. Sergt.-Maj. Kelly accompanied the boys, and under his direction they acquitted themselves splendidly.

I understand the arrangements to obtain a new armory have not yet been completed.

MAC.

OBITUARY.

MR. JAMES LEAHY.

We regret to have to announce the death of Mr. James Leahy, of No. 3441 Wabash avenue, brother of Mr. Dennis Leahy, and a well known member of the Catholic congregation of St. James' church, with which he has been identified for many years. Mr. Leahy was a gentleman of the most exemplary character, an able man of affairs, and a patriotic citizen. He had been in ill health for some time, but it was hoped up to within a few weeks that he would rally and regain his normal health. The funeral occurred from the residence to St. James' church, and was attended by a large number of parishioners as well as by many from outside parishes. After the celebration of high mass of requiem, the remains were conveyed to Calvary cemetery, attended by a large cortege, and laid to rest in the family lot. Requiescat in pace.

CORNER-STONE IS LAID.

The corner-stone of St. Bernard's church was laid last Sunday by Archbishop Feehan. Fifty priests assisted at the imposing ceremonies. The parishioners of St. Bernard's and 5,000 other persons witnessed the ceremony and the parade of societies and military organizations that preceded it.

St. Bernard's church is at Sixty-sixth street and Stewart boulevard, adjoining the present chapel of worship of the parish. It is to be built entirely of marble, and when completed will be the only church in Chicago reared of such costly material. The great growth of the parish which brought the number of those who worship at St. Bernard's far into the thousands, necessitated a larger building, and Rev. Bernard P. Murray, the pastor, undertook to build a church which will accommodate his increasing flock. No church on the South Side is larger than this one will be, and it is to be more magnificent than any other erected to the worship of God in the city. It will cost $125,000 to construct it.

Early in the afternoon societies and marching organizations began to assemble at Stewart and Garfield boulevards and form for parade, flanking either side of Stewart avenue. They waited until 3:30 to perform the service of acting as an escort of honor to the Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago. The archbishop came in a carriage, accompanied by Chancellor Mooney and Father Murray. The columns formed, and with banners and flags and marching music proceeded to the church. The procession was a long one.

The completed portions of the marble walls were decorated with American flags and tri-color buntings. A canopy was erected and a pulpit placed. Archbishop Feehan blessed the stone, when a sealed box was placed within the hollow of it, and the stone was set. This box contained, among other things, an illuminated scroll, on which was inscribed the history of the event. The scroll, which was a work of exquisite art in colors and gold, was done by Father Aylward, assistant pastor of the church. The ritual of the church was read, followed by the litany of the saints, which the archbishop intoned and the priests, as choristers, sang. The walls of the structure were also blessed and the archbishop pronounced the apostolic benediction.

Rev. Edward A. Kelly was deacon of the ceremonies, Rev. P. A. L. Egan subdeacon, Chancellor Mooney master of ceremonies. Rev. Daniel J. Riordan, pastor of St. Elizabeth's preached the sermon.

The parish of St. Bernard's was erected in 1887, and Father Murray was the first pastor. He was previously chancellor of the archdiocese. He built one church and saw his parish outgrow it, and now he is building this magnificent structure.

The September St. Nicholas.

The close of the vacation season and taking up the duties of school life once more are signalized in the September number of St. Nicholas. Miss Agnes Repplier contributes a sketch entitled "At School a Hundred Years Ago," in which she shows how much better treatment is accorded children today than was the lot of their great-grandmothers. Quoting from the accounts of the girls of long ago, Miss Repplier draws a picture of school life at the close of the last century that is far from attractive. School-rooms were extremely cold in winter, discipline was rigid to a degree, and the girls were strapped to fiendish contrivances to make them stand erect. A sketch of Joseph Francis, the inventor of the life-boat, and the founder and father of the life-saving service, is written by W. S. Harwood. This tells of the honors that were showered upon the American by the courts of Europe, and of the tardy recognition of his genius by his own country. Max Bennett Thrasher furnishes an account of "Out-of-the-Way Corners of Westminster Abbey," that are not seen by ordinary tourists. It also tells the story of an enterprising school-boy who slept one night in the famous Coronation Chair. Mrs. M. Bernard continues her "Talks with Boys and Girls About Themselves," this chapter showing "How You Move." That very queer vegetable, "The Jumping Bean," is described by Francis Churchill Williams. "Samantha's Summer Boarders," by Agnes Carr Sage, is the story of a little girl who cared for a number of mischievous pets, and "Joshua and Solomon," by Murdoch Mason, is a tale of the adventures of two boys and a donkey who were lost in the woods at Onteora. "The Story of Marco Polo," by Noah Brooks, reaches the romantic period of the defeat and death of Prester John, and "Sinbad, Smith & Co." in the serial by Albert Stearns, have more peculiar adventures. A new serial, "The City of Stories," by Frank M. Bicknell, has a promising beginning.

"The Arena."

The September number of the Arena continues the valuable educational work of that able magazine on the great issue confronting the American people today, namely, the adjustment of the future currency of the nation. A portrait of W. J. Bryan forms the frontispiece, and the opening paper is a reproduction of a remarkable article by Mr. Bryan on the Money Question. William P. St. John, M. A., until recently President of the Mercantile National Bank of New York, now Treasurer of the National Democratic and National Bimetallic parties, discusses Free Silver in a paper entitled "Free Silver and Prosperity." The editor of the Arena contributes some striking editorials on features of the Money Question. Social and economic questions of more than usual interest and value are treated in this issue, including "The Right of Woman to the Ballot," by Charles H. Chapman, "The Initiative and Referendum," by Charles W. Bowne, "Evils of Land Monopoly," by Rev. B. W. Williams, "Model Model Tenements," by William Howe Tolman, Ph. D., "Should Consumptives Marry?" by Paul Paquin, M. D., "The Negro's Place in History," by Prof. Willis Boughton, "Compulsory Arbitration a Practicable Remedy," by Norman T. Mason, A. M., "A Remarkable Statistical Report," by James Malcolm, and the ninth paper in Prof. Frank Parsons' magnificent series on "The Telegraph Monopoly." Mr. Flower contributes the closing paper of his admirable series on Whittier, entitled "Whittier—A Modern Apostle of Lofty Spirituality," and on the whole the September Arena, with its valuable political, social and economic papers, its fiction and its book-reviewing department, is one of the most varied and interesting of the September magazines.

Merit Wins and that is why Hood's Sarsaparilla holds the abiding confidence of the public. Hood's Sarsaparilla is known by the cures it has made. It is the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, jaundice, sick headache, biliousness. 25c.

Harvest Excursions.

On August 4, 18, September 1, 15, 29, and October 6, 20, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. and most of the eastern railroads will sell Excursion tickets at very low rates to the farm lands and principal cities of the West Northwest and Southwest. Take this opportunity to go and see the splendid crops that Nebraska, Northern Kansas and other western sections have produced this year. See that your ticket reads via Burlington Route. Send for a pamphlet (no charge) about western farm lands to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

GAELIC POETRY.

CORSHLIABH.

Nach aoibhinn Corshliabh i d-tús an ghoimhridh,
Ni bhidheann leac oidhre aun no sneachta tualdh;
Tá an chuach 's an troighean ann, an smól 's an lonndubh
Ar bhárraibh crann agus ceilcabhar cuan.
Is binn guth gadhar ann ag tórulgheacht eilte,
An fiadh 'san am sin ag dul chun sídbhaill;
Tá an sruth glan aibhne ann, an t-eas 'nna theannta,
An bradán broinn-gheal 's an breac ar lídh.

Ni ar shliabh no ar fraochlach atá mo mhian-sa
Acht 'sna gleanntáin' aoibhne bh-fuil an meas ag fás
Bidheann an chuach ag blaoidheach ann ar bhárr na craoibhe
An cruithneacht maol agus an coirce bán.
Tá an t-uan 'nna luidhe ann 's ni áirmhim caoiridh,
'S an eala is aoibhne ar an loch ag snámh;
Tá an bheachóg criona ann a's a poras déanta
A's mil d'á taomadh ag mo mhuirnin bán.

'Sé fáth mo bhuartha nach bh-fuighim faill cuarta,
'San gleanntán uaignesch a m-bidheann mo ghrádh
Bidheann mil ar luachra ann, im ar uachtar
'Gus i d-tás an fhuscht a bhidheas na bá d'á n-gábhail:
Ni'l gaoth a tualdh ann, ni'l fearthainn fhuar ann
Acht ni fhaghaim suas le mo mhuirnin bán.
Tá caladh 's cuan ann ag long 's ag bád;
Tá 'c uile bhualdh ann, ni'l toras cruaidh ann
Acht ni fhaghaim suas le mo mhuirnin bán.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

How to Form Councils.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, C. O'Connor McLoughlin, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

The Gaelic League.

The Chicago Gaelic League meets every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, in the offices of the City Clerk, first floor of City Hall Building (entrance through room 119, right opposite stairway). This society is organized solely for the instruction of Irish men and women in the fluent tongue of their ancestors, and [illegible] which all Irish people should avail themselves without delay. The Gaelic League bars not religion or sect, admission and instruction by competent teachers being absolutely free to all. For information as to forming branches, or studying Gaelic individually, for books, etc., write to William Raleigh, No. 735 S. Canal street, who is the only person in Chicago who receives books direct from the publishers in Dublin.

Information Wanted.

Eliza Bluett, of 185 N. Ashland avenue, Chicago, desires some information about her brother, Thomas Bluett, who left Rock Hill parish, county Limerick, Ireland, thirty-one years ago and went direct to Australia. She also wants the address of her cousin, Patrick Bluett, who is now in Australia. Los Angeles and Australian papers please copy.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props.
Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

CALIFORNIA.

If you are going there by all means inquire about the Burlington Route Personally Conducted Excursions to San Francisco and Los Angeles, which leave Chicago every Wednesday with a Pullman Palace Tourist car through to destination. The route is via Denver, the Denver & Rio Grande Railway (scenic line) and Salt Lake City. The cars are fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, mattresses, pillows, blankets, bed linen, berth curtains, toilet rooms, heat and light, and, in fact, all the conveniences of a standard Pullman Palace car; they lack only some of the expensive finish of the Pullmans run on the limited express trains, while the cost per berth is only about one-third of the price.

Write for full particulars to T. A. Grady, Excursion Manager, C., B. & Q. R. R., 211 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

Harvest Excursions.

In order to give everyone an opportunity to see the grand crops in the Western States and enable the intending settler to secure a home, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has arranged to run a series of harvest excursions to South and North Dakota, and to other States in the West, Northwest and Southwest on the following dates: Aug. 18, Sept. 1, 15, 29 and Oct. 6 and 20, at the low rate of $2 more than ONE FARE for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address F. A. Miller, Assistant General Passenger agent, Chicago, Ill.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

15 Days in Yellowstone Park.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company desires to call attention to a very completely arranged tour through the Wonderland of America, under the management of the well-known tourist manager, Mr. J. J. Grafton. The party will leave Chicago on Tuesday evening, July 21, by electric-lighted train, with dining-car, to be absent three weeks. The petrified forest and many other attractive features of the park will be included in the itinerary, that the traveler, going through the ordinary way, does not see. A party will also leave Chicago for Alaska via Yellowstone Park, the same date.

For full particulars, address George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

"Irish-American Patriots in the Early Wars and Politics of Our Country," by Rev. Joseph A. Pompeney, D.D., is a booklet that will delight, instruct and refresh you. Send 10 cents in silver for it to Thomas J. Casey, Publisher, 1427 Oak street, Kansas City, Mo.

H. R. EAGLE

70 WABASH-AV.

Send the children down to get their School Supplies, and while coming for those why not have them carry home a package of groceries for you? Our prices are cheap enough. Read prices:

School Supplies.

Cedar Lead Pencils, without erasers, per doz., 1 cent.

School Pen Holders, 12 of them for 3 cents, and we have a better one at 1 cent each.

Jet Black Ink—good grades, per bottle, 1 cent, and we have Arnold's Imported Writing Fluid in quart bottles for 39 cents.

Pens, assorted, per doz., 3 cents.

Scholar's Companion, containing pencil, pen, penholder and rule, all for 2 cents.

Nickel Reversible Pen Holders, each

Double Cloth Bound Slates, each 6 cts.

Best Mucilage, a 4-oz bottle for 2 cts.

2 cents

per doz. for extra Rubbers for Fruit Jars.

3½ cents

for quart Mason Fruit Jars and 4½ cents for half gallons.

3 cents

for 3-lb cans Table Apples, per lb for Ginger Snaps, for 2-lb cans Raspberries or Blueberries, for 3-lb cans Pie Peaches, per bottle for Root Beer, per box for Swandown Face Powder or a package of Armour's Washing Powder.

4½ cents

for 2-lb cans Sweet Sugar Corn, 3-lb cans Solid Meat Tomatoes.

8 cents

for large bottle Wild Cherry Phosphate, a half-pint best Sewing Machine Oil, a can of Persian Insect Powder or a 3-lb can California Black Cherries or a 2-lb can new Marrowfat Peas.

14 cents

per lb for good Green Rio Coffee or Cereal Blend Roast Coffee or for a 4-foot Step Ladder.

18 cents

per lb for fine Fresh Roasted Rio Coffee or for 2 lbs good Butterine.

25 cents

per lb for After-Dinner Java Coffee.

$4.47

is what we ask for 100 lbs Granulated Sugar or 22 lbs for $1.00.

19 cents

per lb for Best Quality Pickling Spices.

$1.25

for a 10-gallon keg Cider Vinegar for pickling or a 1-gallon jug of the same for 19 cents. This is a very cheap price and the quality is excellent. We will also sell 50-gallon barrels of the same for $2.90.

4 cents

per lb for Whole Mustard Seed for Pickling, and we have all of the best spices at the right prices.

$3.79

per bbl. for H. R. E. & Co.'s Best Minnesota Patent Flour. Bread made from this Flour will do more to keep the husband good natured than anything you can give him.

4 cents

per bar for Fairbank's Best Family Soap or a Sponge as large as your head.

2 cents

for pound package Gloss Starch.

19 cents

per lb for new crop Uncolored Japan Tea.

35 cents

per lb for J. Ambrosia Fancy Grade Teas.

NEW DELIVERY.

We will deliver orders of $2.00 or over every day as far south as 100th street and to Kensington, Pullman, Roseland, Burnside, Stony Island, Hegewisch and to East Chicago and Whiting, Ind.

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68 & 70 WABASH-AV.

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DENTIST,

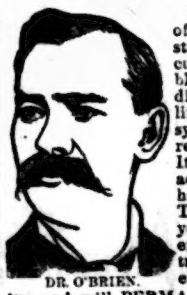
McVicker's Theatre Building,

ROOM 20.

Set of Teeth	$4.00
Best Set	8.00
22k. Gold Crowns	4.75
Silver Filling	.50
Gold Filling	1.00
Bridge Work, per tooth	5.00
Gold Plates	30.00

Harelip or Cleft, Palate Cancers, Tumors and all diseases of the mouth a Specialty. Consultation Free. Children's teeth examined free on Saturday from 2 to 4 p. m.

Electricity WILL CURE YOU.



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CHICAGO.

P. B. FLANAGAN, ATTORNEY, 611 ASHLAND BLOCK.

ESTATE OF JOHN GUIRY, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of John Guiry, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October, A. D. 1896, being the [illegible] day thereof.

Dated Chicago, August [illegible], 1896.

NICHOLAS NORVOLL, Executor.

P. B. Flanagan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF EMMA [illegible] DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of [illegible], deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said County, on the [illegible] Monday of October, A. D. 1896, being the [illegible] day thereof.

Dated Chicago, August [illegible], 1896.

[illegible], Executor.

P. B. Flanagan, Attorney.

IF THIS WERE TWENTY CENTURIES AGO.

If this were twenty centuries ago
And three wise men should seek my house and say:
"We bring glad tidings—Christ is born today.
Arise and follow yonder star, whose glow
Will lead you to the Child," would I obey—
If this were twenty centuries ago?

From out my urn of precious, hoarded things
Would I make haste to pour the richest share
For him, the sweetest of my perfumes spare
To bathe the feet of the young King of Kings
Or break the costliest ointment on his hair—
From out my urn of precious, hoarded things?

Alas, I dare not say this would I do,
Since I have slighted many another guest
That came from God, have staid from many a quest
That would have led me to the good and true,
To slumber on with head upon my breast.
Nay, nay, I dare not say this would I do.

My best resolves like shifting shadows are
Each day some holy light shines on unsought,
And while my silly, fluttering wings are caught
By the world's rosy candle, Christ's own star—
How can I tell—might beckon me for naught.
My best resolves like shifting shadows are.

And when Christ comes again—as come he will—
And wise ones hasten forth with rapt delight
To welcome him and own his kingly right,
Will men be questioning and doubting still,
As when upon that first, far Christmas night—
When Christ shall come again, as come he will?

—May Riley Smith in Examiner.

KO-HANA-SAN.

She was a little, winsome, light hearted Geisha, with a cleft in her rounded chin and evanescent dimples, Cupid's pitfalls, coming and going in her soft cheeks, whereby she had earned the name of "She-who-smiles."

In all her 18 years of happy, dancing life she had never known a trouble, never felt the approach of sorrow, except in the tender disguise of a lover's plaint, either real or imaginary, or the fancied woes of a forsaken maiden in one of the poems she could chant so prettily to her samisen.

Yet all the sultry hours of the forenoon she had sat at the window of her own small apartment lost in a reverie, with a pensive expression on her usually sparkling face.

Her small head, weighted with its massive loops and coils of shining black hair and decorated with many a fanciful comb and pin, rested on the ledge, and the sweet dark eyes looked wistfully toward the corner of the narrow street—so narrow that by leaning far out you might have touched hands with your opposite neighbor. There had been sounds of music and of rhythmic footfalls from the adjacent houses, glimpses of fluttering fans, gay ripples of laughter and snatches of song, showing that the Geishas were practicing their accomplishments, but Ko-hana-san had neither stirred nor replied to any passing salutations.

Her thoughts were engrossed with the memory of the handsome Englishman whom she had seen not once, but thrice, lately and again last night at the [illegible] whither she had been sent to amuse the guests.

The recollection filled her mind of a pair of bold, blue eyes glancing at her with amused admiration, of the flashing of white teeth in a merry smile under the sweep of a fair mustache, of sunburned hands clapping in applause at the close of her favorite chrysanthemum dance and of exclamations in a voice whose intonation seemed to her more musical than that of her compatriots.

"Bravo!" she murmured to herself. "Encore!"—she could scarcely manage the queer little foreign words—"I wonder what he meant? They were words of kindness, I am sure."

She rose, and spreading out her fan, with its inlaid ivory sticks and gay device of gauzy flowers and birds, slowly began the weaving paces and waving hands of the maple dance he had liked so well.

Ko-hana-san knew that its graceful movements showed her at her very best.

The willowy, slender figure swaying so daintily in its kimono of pale brocade, the tiny feet stepping to and fro, the small, plump hands were all displayed to advantage, and, besides an innate grace and refinement, she was also possessed of the highest order of Japanese beauty.

No Geisha had longer or finer hair, or a more dazzling whiteness of skin to contrast with its dark beauty, or lips that were more like a cherry when it glows in the sun.

And as she stood there, her black eyes gleaming from between half closed lids, the languid mischief in them accentuated by the upward curl of dark lashes at the corners, she looked as seductive a little witch as man's heart could desire.

A quick step in the street, firm and strong footed, drew her quickly to the window, and, half involuntarily, she snatched a lotus bud that rested in the folds of her obi and leaned out with it in her hand.

Some one passing looked up, and, with a smile of recognition, lifted a straw hat and revealed a thick crop of waving, brown hair.

Ko-hana-san's heart beat fast beneath the embroidery of her han-zeri, and the dimples appeared for the first time that day.

"Komban-wan!" ("Good evening!") said the handsome stranger.

"O me wa noshi no yo ni kirei!" ("Your eyes are as beautiful as the stars!") The dimples deepened, and a soft glance from the dark eyes betrayed encouragement.

But the stranger's vocabulary in the Japanese tongue was limited.

He was an artist by inclination, not by profession, roving in search of novel scenes and stray bits of color, and he was seized with a desire to sketch then and there the attractive picture in its bamboo frame above him.

He took out his book and a pencil, and leaning against the opposite wall, with a sign to her to remain still, began rapidly touching in outlines.

Several pretty forms and faces appeared at the surrounding windows, [illegible] a little murmur of pleasurable interest, with smothered laughs, floated round them, but Paul Verulam sketched on, and Ko-hana-san still preserved her careless attitude and gracious smile, one little hand, from which dangled the lotus bud, drooping, with studied negligence, over the sill.

Presently he held up the sketch. She looked and nodded approval, and then, smitten with a sudden shyness wholly new and unaccountable to her, withdrew from the window, but not before she had dropped into his outstretched hand the lotus.

She caught a glimpse, as he turned, of his putting the flower into the buttonhole of his coat, and then she waited till the sound of his steps diminishing told her he was near the end of the street.

Then she looked out again and softly called, "Sayonara!" ("Goodby!"), and he, glancing round, raised his hat in farewell.

But, alas, as he did so the flower fell from his coat, and, unheeding his loss, he passed on, turned the corner and was gone.

He had set his foot unwittingly on the bud where it lay in the road and trampled it into the dust.

Poor little half blown flower! Its life had been sweet, but short.

Ko-hana-san pressed both her hands to her breast with a quivering sigh, and the first passionate tears of her life, the bittersweet baptism of nascent love, gathered in her beautiful eyes and fell slowly down her cheeks.

She realized with a thrill that was half joyful and half terrified that his love, of which she had heard, but which had never touched the experience either of herself or of her sister Geishas, had entered into her heart, and that henceforth both her laughter and her tears would be subject to his sovereign will and power.

* * * * * *

Three times had the moon waxed and waned since the night when Ko-hana-san learned how to weep, and in that time she had laughed far more often than she had wept.

For had not the stranger, Paul Verulam, succumbed to her grace and fascination, and was she not envied of all the Geishas in Tokyo for his sake?

He had even bought her freedom by payment of nearly 2,000 yen and had given her a little house of her own, in which she was never weary of arranging the pretty trifles he collected for her—quaint screens and scrolls and fans, bits of curious carving or pieces of embroidered satin exquisite in workmanship and color.

It was still a wonderful thing that he should notice her, should care to please her, this stalwart young Englishman who seemed as a god.

To her their companionship had been a glimpse of paradise.

And to him? To him it had been as an afternoon spent with the lotus eaters in the midst of a toilsome journey; an hour of repose snatched from the burden and hurry of life; an interlude of delicious dreamy music chiming [illegible] in a rough setting of daily commonplaces and discords—an idyl and an illustration in one.

She had captivated his wayward fancy—this little bright eyed, gentle voiced Japanese girl—and he had loitered in Tokyo week after week for her sake, or rather for the sake of the amusement he found in her society.

It pleased him to watch her childlike delight in her new surroundings, and his sense of beauty was satisfied by her graceful dancing.

She had many small accomplishments, too, with which she had been wont to beguile his leisure.

Then one afternoon he said to her with assumed carelessness:

"Ko-hana-san, would you like to stay here when I am gone, or would you rather go to your friends again?"

She paused in her occupation of embroidering a little panel with silk and beads to look at him for a moment, and then said tranquilly in her own sweet sounding language:

"I will stay here until you come back. Where are you going?"

"But I am not coming back," he said more earnestly. "I am only a bird of passage, you know, little jewel, and I must go home now. My holiday is over. They are waiting for me over the water."

She gazed very steadily at him in deep thought, then laying her hand on his arm:

"Paul," she said, "take me with you. I will go."

"I cannot do that, my pearl," he answered. "It is impossible."

"Why?" she demanded.

"Because"—he hesitated—"because Ko-hana-san, we do not travel about with our friends in that manner. It would not do."

"But I will be your wife," she said. "Then it will do quite well."

His wife! This little Japanese dancing girl! How could he explain to her, since she did not understand it for herself?

"You love me," she said very softly, bending nearer to him.

He had given to her the caressing, tender affection that one gives to a pretty child who confides in one and amuses one at the same moment.

He had stooped to gather a wild flower that had bloomed on the wayside—but love!

His aspirations were for an ideal—a blossom growing far out of his reach; a bird singing on the top of a distant tree, not one flying helplessly in his path; a star shining above him in the azure, not its reflection in the shimmer of a pool at his feet.

Yet he had no thought of unkindness. He had not imagined that the dawn of a new soul had come into the wistful eyes regarding him.

He took her hand very tenderly in his.

"Ko-hana-san," he said, "you would not be contented with my people. You must stay with your own friends in your own country and be happy, and [illegible] thy of a single tear from those bright eyes."

But she pleaded with a passionate fervor that was a revelation to him to be told why his people would not love her and want her to be happy, and why she could not go with him.

At last, reluctantly yielding to her tears and entreaties, he confessed that in his country dancing girls were not often sought out in marriage by those of his degree, nor were they considered of much moment, and that to take a foreign one to his mother's home would be counted unto him a disgrace.

Then Ko-hana-san dried her tears, and, faintly smiling, said:

"Well, you shall go, then, willful one, by yourself. But when?"

And he said he would stay another week if she wished it.

But no, she said, she did not wish it. He should go on the morrow.

Only, first, he must come and say goodby to her. He should leave her now, and he could return in the cool of the evening, and she would bid him farewell then.

And as he went away she watched him with a face that grew pale and sad. For Ko-hana-san had tasted a second time of the tree of knowledge and had found no sweetness but only bitterness therein.

Then, with a sigh, she went away to her dressing room and prepared to make an elaborate toilet for the evening.

* * * * * *

It was with a lightened heart that Paul returned to the little house to see the last of Ko-hana-san.

For he loved the ways of pleasantness and peace, and now that it was over he knew the thought of telling her that he must leave her had troubled him a good deal—and for her sake, not his own.

Already he was a little weary of his lotus eating.

And he rejoiced that Providence had made the hearts of Geishas light and their griefs easy of assuagement.

He looked into the little sitting room and saw that, though empty of her presence, it was gay with pink convolvuli, newly set in quaint cups and carved bamboos.

And then, going to seek her, he called softly down the passage, "Ko-hana-san!"

But there was no answer.

So he stole to the door of her sleeping room and looked in.

She was lying on some cushions, her head pillowed on one small hand and clasped in the other a single lotus bud.

Her eyes were closed, and she lay still, although he spoke her name again.

"Little lazy one," he said, as he bent over her, "wake up, I am here!"

He noticed that she had taken off her sash and kimono and was lying in her embroidered underdress.

Her hair was elaborately done, and a faint tinge of red lay, like the dust on a butterfly's wing, on the opaque whiteness of her cheeks, where the thick fringe of dark lashes rested, stirless.

There was a lamp burning at her head, and another at her feet, and beside her was the sam[illegible] with which she had so often accompanied herself in her songs to him.

The room was full of flowers, the air heavy with their scent, and with a strange oppressive stillness.

He stooped and laid his lips on the hand that held the lotus, and as he did so he saw that it clasped also a ribbon on which one word was written—"Sayonara."

And then he understood that for Ko-hana-san there would be no more smiles or tears.

He had counted on the simple, laughter loving nature of the Japanese to tide her over any passing grief or disappointment, but some touch of more advanced civilization had come to her—who knows in what manner?—and had imbued her with the tragic despair, the passion and the pathos, the supreme rejection of an inartistic possibility, that belongs to a more cultivated order of exotics.

The flower he had plucked and placed near his heart had fallen unheeded while he stepped aside, and inadvertently he had crushed its bright beauty with his retreating footsteps.

Some instinct of a kindred fate had surely saddened Ko-hana-san's tender fancy when she wept for the lotus bud that sunny afternoon.

Poor little Geisha!

She had tasted for the third time of the tree of knowledge, and, not content with having learned the lessons of love and of life, had mastered yet another, that of death.—In Town.

Blind.

A Maine veteran, happening the other day to be speaking of the sorrows of a blind person, recalled an instance of cheerful giving on the part of some pretty hard customers. "It was at Camp Berry, in Portland, where we had a queer lot, I can tell you. We had drafted men, enlisted men and substitutes, the first a solemn looking set, the second cheerful men enough, and the third, the substitutes, perfectly happy. As a rule, they had got big money for taking somebody's place in the service and were making the most of it.

"In this class were a lot of professional bounty jumpers who had come from New York down to Maine to enlist because prices were high here. I remember that one day four men of this class were playing poker for high stakes, when into the tent was led a blind victim of some blasting accident.

"The men who were playing poker would either one of them make little of lifting a man's pocketbook if it had anything in it or perhaps of taking his life for it. They were a bad lot, but when that blind man came in they stopped the game and looked at him. 'I'll ante $10 on that,' said one, passing over a bill for the visitor. 'I'll raise you $25,' said the next man, passing out the money. 'I'll go you $50 better,' said the third man. The fourth raised the pot still higher, and the blind man carried out of the tent $250 as the result of their compassion for his hard lot."—Lewiston Journal.

SHIPBOARD NAMES.

JACK TAR HAS A UNIQUE VOCABULARY OF HIS OWN.

From It We Get Many of Our Expressive Slang Words—Why the Names Were Given to Certain Things—A Little Piece of Gear With a Long Name.

What we owe to ships and shipping for some of the phrases in general use is a matter little considered. Yet such common terms as "brace up," the technical expression for hauling around the yards of a square rigged ship; "trying another tack," the "mainstay" and "two sheets in the wind" are borrowed from Jack's vocabulary. The masts are steadied or staid by wire rigging. As the support of the mainmast the "mainstay" is one of the most important pieces of gear in the ship. When a clumsy helmsman would allow the sails to flap uselessly, they were said to be all in the wind. "Two sheets in the wind" indicates a demoralized helmsman.

Of other odd names the sea furnishes a plenty. Beginning forward, the boom, extending downward, and, when the ship pitches, often in the water, is the "dolphin striker." The holes in the "eyes" of the ship, through which lead the chains for the anchors, are the hawse pipes. At sea the hawse pipes are plugged by bags of canvas stuffed with oakum, called "jackasses." The trough in which any water leaking past the "jackasses" is caught is called the "manger."

Besides "catting" the anchor it is customary to "fish" it. For these purposes the sailors man the "cat" and the "fish" falls. To "cat" the anchor is to hoist it to the cathead, a beam projecting over the bow. Fishing it is hauling the fluke of the anchor on the bow.

The "Charley Noble," as the galley smoke pipe is always called, is on the fo'castle. Queerly enough, though sailors have an explanatory story for every other name, no legend is connected with the use of Charley's name for the smoke pipe. Apropos of the cookery department there are no stoves on shipboard. Galley is the proper word.

Forecastles were in the old days forward castles. Castles they were when ships were considered safest if built high at bow and stern. Sailor fondness for abbreviation makes "fo'wcastle" the correct pronunciation. Oftener, nowadays, the fo'castle is the forehold.

While hammocks are the usual "dreamy bags," there is a "bed" for the bowsprit. Each sail has its "sheets," and the masts have "bolsters." A pillow has no place in the sailor's outfit.

"Dead eyes," according to Admiral Luce, are "flat, roundish, wooden blocks, pierced with holes through which ropes lead." "Eyebolts" there are in plenty, with "spectacle irons" for mates. Any old loop in the end of a rope is an "eye."

In the deck line big ships can boast [illegible] quarter decks, half decks, poop decks, [illegible] decks and orlap decks, steamers having all of the above, with hurricane decks and bridge decks to boot.

Musical people will be pleased to find that each mast has a "fife rail," that "viol blocks" and "fiddle blocks" are common, and that "piano wire" is used for deep sea sounding machines.

Perhaps the most insignificant piece of gear on the ship has the longest name, being the "starboard main topgallant studding sail boom tricing line block strap thimble seizing." This is really the name for the seizing. When asked to handle a rope, Jack must know precisely what rope is meant. Hence every one of the mass of ropes on a ship has its own proper name. To learn them is easier than the layman fancies.

England's supremacy on the seas may have something in explanation of the fact that "ropes ends" aloft, when showing in such manner as to detract from the neat appearance of the sails, are "Irish pennants." A dead calm is a "Paddy's hurricane." A splice badly done is an "Irish splice."

"Guys" and "bumpkins" are not allowed aboard, but are found outside the ship. Any rope that steadies a boom is a guy. Bumpkins are projecting beams, such as that aft, from which the "Jacob's ladders" hang. "Idlers" are those members of the ship's company that stand no night watches. In this category come the captain, or "old man," the chaplain, "Holy Joe," or "the sky pilot" (sailors are not one bit pious), and "Chips," as the carpenter is dubbed.

"Flemish horses" are found at the ends of the yards. "Stirrups" hold the "foot ropes," on which the men stand when working aloft. There is a "bridle" on the side of each square sail. Gaff booms have "saddles." On the bridge is a "horse block." "Whips" are tackles for hoisting weights.

Each mast has "hounds." "Hooks" are "moused." Light yards are hauled into the rigging by "bull ropes." Awnings require a "crow foot halyards."

The sounding lead is bent to a manila rope marked in fathoms from the lead. At two fathoms is the "mark twain," from which our own Mark took his pen name. But lines help to haul up the middle or bunt of the sail. Ned Buntline wrote sea tales chiefly. Dick Deadeye we all recall.—Alfred Rodman in Detroit Free Press.

Truthful.

During a recent horse fair at Wigton (Cumberland), a Quaker was selling a horse to a dealer. When the dealer asked if the horse was a good puller, the Quaker remarked, "Friend, it would delight thee to see him pull."

The dealer bought the horse and trying him next day found he would not pull an empty cart, so calling on the Quaker he said, "I thought you told me your horse was a good puller?"

"No," said the Quaker. "I told thee it would delight thee to see him pull. It would have delighted me, too, but I never had that pleasure."—London Tit-Bits.

German Mediæval Schools.

In Germany, which today we regard as the home of the university par excellence, the educational movement, strangely enough, was slow to establish itself. The low state of civilization, the disintegration of civic life, together with the fact that the bulk of the German students, touched by the intellectual revival, was drawn off to Paris or Bologna, told severely against the production of great national studio. Hence, with the exception of Prague (really Bohemian) and possibly Vienna, the real importance of such German universities as Heidelberg, Leipsic and Erfurt, dates from the reformation, which, as Mr. Rashdall aptly reminds us, was "born in a university," and only made possible through the universities. Prague, like Naples, was the result of a definite foundation, owing its existence to a papal bull in 1347, followed by a charter of Charles IV, of "golden bull" fame, in 1348. Founded as a deliberate stroke of policy, it was copied in 1365 by the rival Hapsburg creation at Vienna, and in both these acts the influence of Frederick's notable charter of 1224 is distinctly traceable. Striking as is its mixed constitution, the chief interest in Prague will always center in its tragic history.

The university arose in the halcyon age of Bohemia and awoke to find itself famous. As the most solid expression of the passionate Bohemian nationalism, the theater of the bloody struggle between Teuton and Czech, which only closed in the expulsion of the Germans; as the arena of a fierce philosophical collision between Teutonic and orthodox nominalism against Czech and "heretical realism; as the mouthpiece of the religious revival of Miliez, Matthias, Janow; finally, as the alma mater of Huss, schoolman, reformer and martyr, the biracial University of Prague foreshadowed in miniature the era of Sturm und Drang, which sapped the fabric of mediævalism and ushered in the reformation.—Quarterly Review.

Puma's Flesh as Food.

Heretofore the killing of mountain lions has been done in the interest of stockmen who sought by the payment of a given sum to rid the country of a lot of predatory brutes, whose fondness for colts, calves and fat shotes too frequently led them to impigne on the purse strings of the rancher. As an article of food the genus felis has never held high place in the cuisine of civilization, except at such times when Tabby and Tom incidentally found their way out of the small end of a sausage machine. It is known, however, that Mexican hunters never leave the carcasses of dead lions to coyotes and buzzards, but use the flesh for food. Others who have tried it report it not only palatable, but really good.

The Hon. Zack Vail, who recently visited his ranch in the Santa Catalinas, reports having lived for a whole week on the flesh of lions killed thereabout. On reaching the ranch it was nightfall, and when supper had been [illegible] served it he would have a plate of stewed venison. He would and did. Later, when complimenting the cook on the delicate and toothsome flavor of the venison, he was told that he had fared sumptuously on the flesh of a mountain lion which had been killed on the preceding day. He was a little disconcerted at first, but in the morning the pleasant memories of the night before still lingered, and felis concolor steak went the way of the stew. For dinner a steaming pot roast graced the board and met a like fate with equal relish.

In the opinion of Mr. Vail the flesh of a young lion is sweet and palatable and the equal of that of any deer ever killed. There is nothing of the strong, gamy flavor that characterizes the flesh of the bear and even the smaller of the mammalia.—Tucson Citizen.

Kimberley, Johannesburg.

Kimberley, as a town, does not look as if it had been built to stay. It has a run up in a night appearance, and although some may find its general jerkiness of architecture quaint, no one, I take it, would find it either picturesque or imposing. Corrugated iron is exceedingly serviceable and easy to handle by the builder; but, frankly, it is not pretty, and what a lot of corrugated iron has been used in the construction of Kimberley! You see it everywhere, and you long for a stone or brick building, with slated roof or old fashioned thatch. Stone and brick are evidently scarce in Diamond Town. In place of the common or garden flowerpots, painted meat tins stand in many a window. They answer the purpose required of them, but nothing—not even the varied coats of paint and enamel—can disguise the fact that they were once meat tins. It is a small thing in its way, this meat tin flowerpot; but, small as it is, it adds to the "metally" appearance of the town.

Your Johannesburger despises galvanized iron; nothing less than the best building stone satisfies him. It is easy enough today to bring stone and building materials to Johannesburg, but picture the difficulty of it all before it had railway connection with the south! Every stone, every brick, every bit of wood and iron, had to be brought up by bullock wagons, a long, weary and fabulously expensive toil, which speaks volumes for the perseverance and "go" of the early Johannesburgers.—"Some Impressions of Africa."

Big Laying.

A very dear little girl indeed is Emily, the granddaughter of the bishop of Clothton. His lordship took her with him one day when he went to a confirmation, and she was taken into the rector's nursery to tea after service. The children were rejoicing over their reminiscences and possessions. Dorothea, the rector's daughter, was especially jubilant over a hen of which she had recently become possessed. "It lays an egg every day," she said. "Oh, but my grandfather is better than that," said Emily. "He laid a foundation stone yesterday."—London Church Times.

STONEHENGE.

The Old Mythology Enters Into the Hearts of Visitors There.

It is a common remark that a feeling of disappointment is almost invariably experienced on a first visit to Stonehenge. This is partly due to the vast solitude in which the monument stands. There is nothing near enough to it in any direction to furnish a standard by which to estimate the magnitude of the stones. Consequently they look much smaller than they really are, and we miss that imposing effect of immensity which everybody associates in advance with Stonehenge. Another cause of disappointment is what we must call the "reserve" of the monument. Mystery, whether vested in persons or things, has a fascination of its own, but the fascination is of a kind that is only enjoyable when the mysterious thing or person is not actually present.

We all know the delight of discussing interminably a person about whom no amount of discussion brings us nearer to knowledge, and we all know also the chilly, baffled feeling that takes possession of us when we pass from such discussion into the presence of the inscrutable person. An impenetrable reserve is undoubtedly one of the striking characteristics of Stonehenge. And this reserve, however much it may increase the impressiveness of the monument as a subject of thought and speculation, certainly takes away from its impressiveness as an object contemplated by the bodily eye. We are so accustomed to the easily interpreted language—utilitarian and sentimental—of modern, mediæval and classical buildings and monuments, that we hardly realize how much of the impression they make on us is due to the wide range of memories and associations they touch in ourselves until we are confronted with a monument like Stonehenge, the language of which is dead for us, and in whose presence we are reduced to the blank emotion of wonder. It is quite pathetic to see how, in the dearth of intelligible symbolism or appealing beauty, every observant visitor seizes eagerly, at his or her first visit to "the stones," upon the tenons and mortise holes in the piers and the imposts of the trilithons and the outer circle of Sarsens, as the only features which speak to us directly of the part played by human ingenuity in the construction of the temple. Those knobs on the upright stones and corresponding sockets in the lintels which the uprights support tell an unmistakable—albeit a very homely and practical—tale of labor for a definite and quite intelligible result.

At the moment of the summer solstice Stonehenge may, however, be said to relax its reserve and admit us for once into its confidence. It tells in visible signs the secret of its orientation to the midsummer sunrise, and its cold and monotonous grayness warms into color and life as the sunlight flows in under the lintels of the Sarsen circle and the piers shoot their sharp shadows over the ground. Then the stones cease to be dead stones—they seem to us to [illegible] sponding sympathetically to the influence of the sun god, and something of the feeling of the old mythology enters into the hearts of all onlookers. Add to this touch of sentiment the solid satisfaction of having gained rough ocular demonstration of the truth of an assertion of the learned which we are incapable either of understanding in detail or attacking critically—and you have the answer to the question that is involuntarily suggested by the presence on the ground of a number of people who seem animated by the smallest amount possible of intelligent interest in the phenomena before them. "Why in the world have all these people come?" When you have once seen the sunrise over the sun stone, you feel that you believe on your own account in the solar orientation of the temple, and the line of the axis once realized on the ground, the plan of the building becomes intelligible.—London Spectator.

Early Explosives and Guns.

There can be little doubt that the Greek fire of naphtha mentioned by early writers, European and Arabian, refers to a composition containing niter, sulphur and charcoal, and it is certain that Marcus Graecus, who, according to Didot and the "Biographie Universelle," wrote in the tenth century, although Mr. Guttmann considers that the method of purifying the saltpeter described by him was unknown till the thirteenth, gives a composition for charging rockets and crackers closely approaching to that of modern blasting powder.

This recipe is quoted by Albertus Magnus, and Roger Bacon gives a vaguer one, complicated by an insoluble anagram supposed to stand for carbonum pulvere. But all those writers and many others who mention such mixtures are absolutely silent as to the use of any such substance for the projection of missiles from tubes. On the contrary, they describe crackers and bombs, or maroons, and say that these were discharged into towns from ballistæ or catapults or mangonels purely for incendiary purposes. Mr. Guttmann has, however, found in the "Wardrobe Accounts of Edward III," between Dec. 22, 1345, and Jan. 31, 1349, the following entry in Latin:

"To the same Thomas of Roldeston for the king's work for his guns 912 pounds of saltpeter and 886 pounds of live sulphur."

This certainly confirms the tradition as to the use of guns by the English at Cressy in 1346. A considerable body of tradition ascribes the invention of guns to Berthold Schwartz, but the statements of the chronicles vary in date very greatly, and the most authentic put it very much later than Cressy—i. e., in 1353 and 1393. Curiously enough, Mr. Guttmann decides in favor of Schwartz, but against the chronicles, that the date must have been about 1313, one which is difficult to reconcile with the date of Schwartz's death, given by the "Biographie Universelle" as 1384.—Athenæum.

A MUSICAL NUISANCE.

John Leech Was Literally Driven to Death by Organ Grinders.

Look at the case of John Leech, which may be taken as typical. When Leech got into his Dutch house at Kensington, he thought he had settled down to an existence of unalloyed happiness. But the house had one terrible defect, soon to be discovered. It stood where it was encircled by streets and mews infested by organ grinders. The nuisance was insufferable and yet incurable, and worse for Leech from his studio being at the top of the house, where the sound from five or six instruments was heard, all playing different tunes at the same time. When a timid messenger was sent out, some truculent offenders were unfindable—hidden deep in stable yards—and others were so far away for all but noise that it seemed unreasonable to require their removal. This horrible torment, which went on then, as it does now, from early morning till late at night, was practically the cause of Leech's death.

When Mr. Holman Hunt returned to town, after an absence for a time, he found him leaning upon a stick, like an invalid. There was the man of spirit and inflexibility, but he stood as if the foundations had been loosened. "Yes," he said, with grievous candor, "I am a doomed man. Nothing will save me except as an invalid, and I will tell you, in all sober and solemn earnestness, what has killed me. It would be laughed at as absurd by many, but it is the naked truth, which you will understand (although the men in parliament who talk so glibly about their delight at seeing the poor amused in back streets would not do so), it has been the incessant vexation of organ grinding and the need of doing my work while the wretched instruments of torture were, from different points, turning out their discordant notes into my brain." This declaration from his lips had, perhaps in its precise sense, been inspired by some recent annoyance of a special kind, but in its larger bearings it could not be doubted. Heavily burdened and sore, like the galled jade, Leech had been driven to death.—Nineteenth Century.

DOGGING PORCUPINES.

Chase by Moonlight In South Africa. Something Like a Coon Hunt.

In the Adirondacks, in Maine or in Canada, wherever the American porcupine is found, it is not sought by hunters as a game beast, although hunters seldom fail to kill porcupines at every opportunity because of the damage they do to dogs. On the other hand, from Boover Vlei, near Wellington, Cape Colony, South Africa, Walter H. Gerard writes to the London Field to tell how he hunted the porcupine with dogs, after the fashion of coon hunters, by moonlight.

The party included a parson and a magistrate, a banker and a landowner. The dogs trailed a porcupine, came up with it, and bit it. The foolish dogs bit the quills, but the smart ones seized the nose. When the quills had been removed from the foolish dogs' noses, the hunt went on. The next head of game sighted was a huge pig, which was chased until it took to a burrow. Another porcupine was soon after sighted. This porcupine was a large female, and led the hunters a regular coon chase before she died. The hunters were then seven miles from home, and it was 1:30 a. m., and the branches were thick with dew that trickled down their necks and soaked them from shoe leather to head covering. But after awhile they got home and sat down to a mess of savory satisties of Malay concoctions.

The porcupine hunters didn't know American coons, but the coon hunter would enjoy a South African porcupine hunt by moonlight with a pack of ungainly mongrels, and the porcupine hunters would appreciate a harvest moon coon hunt.

The Happiest Place In Europe.

The happiest place in Europe is said to be Klingenberg-on-the-Main. It is the one prosperous spot, where everybody has work and an income, and where there are no taxes, either local or imperial, because the income of the municipality suffices for everything and leaves a bonus for distribution besides.

Happy Klingenberg! It is all due to a little wisdom and foresight on the part of its local administration many years ago. There are valuable beds of fire clay in the neighborhood, and these the municipality had the prudence not to sell to make the fortunes of other people, but retained for the benefit of the town. The profits pay all taxes, and the inhabitants get the surplus divided among them.

The ordinary method of unthrifty municipalities is to throw all their advantages away in water and gas supply, coalfields, public lands and many other etceteras, which are utilized by companies, and the taxes mount up to a dizzy aggregate eventually, all because nobody looked ahead with public spirit at the commencement of common enterprise.—Pearson's Weekly.

"Whoa!"

The word "whoa," used in calling on a horse to stop, is merely a variant and emphatic form of "ho," formerly used in the same sense. This is easily proved, for Chaucer has "ho" in the sense of "halt" ("Canterbury Tales"). When King Edward IV had to use this exclamation, he actually turned it into "whoo." "Then the kyng, perceyving the cruell assaille (onset), cast his staff, and, with high voice, cried whoo!" ("Excerpta Historica," page 211.) Which stopped the tournament, and no wonder.—Notes and Queries.

A Dangerous Text.

"Well, Uncle Rasbury, how did you like the sermon?"

"Pow'ful fine sermon, Marse John."

"Where did the preacher take his text?"

"From dat potion ob de Scripture whar de Postol Paul pints his pistol to de Fesions."—Washington Times.

What Is a Bull?

"A bull," Sydney Smith tells us, "is the exact counterpart of a witticism, for, as wit discovers real relations that are not apparent, bulls admit apparent relations that are not real." I do not think bulls necessarily do that. When Sir Boyle Roche told the Irish house of commons that he wished a certain bill, then before that august assembly, at the bottom of the bottomless pit, he certainly produced a bull, and a very fine one, but as certainly his aspiration does not admit apparent relations that are not real. It appears to me that a bull may perhaps be defined—in so difficult and subtle a matter I don't like to dogmatize—as a real meaning. I observe in passing—and I hope I may not in so doing seem to be lacking in justice to Ireland—that the claim sometimes made on behalf of that country to a sort of monopoly of bulls is untenable.

Excellent bulls are produced by people of other countries. As, for example, by the Austrian officer mentioned by Schopenhauer when he observed to a guest staying in the same country house: "Ah, you are fond of solitary walks. So am I. Let us take a walk together." Or by the Scotchman who told a friend that a common acquaintance had declared him unworthy to black the boots of a certain person, and who, in reply to his remark, "Well, I hope you took my part," said, "Of course I did; I said you were quite worthy to black them." Or, again, by a well known English judge, who, when passing sentence on a prisoner convicted on all the counts of a long indictment, observed, "Do you know, sir, that it is in my power to sentence you for these many breaches of the laws of your country to a term of penal servitude far exceeding your natural life?"—Fortnightly Review.

Ancient Surgery.

Dr. Robert Fletcher in his "Anatomy of Art" and Dr. Luigi Sambon having shown conclusively that Greeks and Romans must have had a good acquaintance with surgery, it seems strange that in the mediæval European period there was dense ignorance and no skill in amputation. Sword and lance wounds were necessarily of constant occurrence then, and the treatment was merciless. It has been shown before how there was among primitive people a fair acquaintance with surgery and even a knowledge of the refinements of it, as in plastic operations. The discovery of a manuscript of the eleventh century shows us conclusively that among the Arabs and in Syria at the time of the first crusades there was a fair knowledge of surgery and that the Syrians held in poor estimation the Frank doctor. Osama tells how a knight was suffering from an abscess of the thigh and a woman from consumption. The Frank physician had the knight's leg put in a block, and it was hacked off with a sword. The woman was treated by having her hair cut [illegible] knight died at once and so did the woman. Then the chronicler says that the Syrian doctor who had been called in left disgusted, having learned "more about Frankish medicine than he had ever known before."

A Round of Applause.

A good story is told of Mr. Albert Chevalier when as a lad he was playing an old man's part at the Gaiety theater in London. The Kendals were also in the cast. One night, at a critical moment, his cue entirely slipped his memory. Glancing toward the prompter's entrance, he saw Irving, Bancroft, David James and Miss Terry, all looking on. He was tongue tied, and for the moment his mind had become an absolute blank. Chevalier was greeted with a tremendous round of applause. Desperation turned to joy, and by the time the cheering subsided the forgotten line recurred to his mind, and from that moment he got on famously. When the performance was over, he anxiously awaited the Kendals' verdict. "You were a bit uncertain in your lines," said Mr. Kendal. "In fact, one time you stopped dead." "Yes," said Chevalier modestly, "but I was all right after I got that round of applause." "My dear youngster," replied Mr. Kendal, "that round of applause was given when the Prince of Wales entered the theater."—London Correspondence.

As Full as a Tick.

This expression is common enough in the North Riding of Yorkshire and always has reference to the parasites infesting dogs and sheep. Mr. J. Nicholson's "Folk Speech of East Yorkshire," 1889, has the expression, with the explanation, "A tick is a sheep louse, which has always a full, bloated appearance."

The west Yorkshire equivalent for this expression is "as full as a fitch"—fitch (vetch)—and the allusion is, I suppose, to the yield being too large for the pod or husk. The idea is pleasanter than either "tick" or "louse," and it has the advantage of alliteration.—Notes and Queries.

Speedy Recovery Sure.

He—I understand you have been attending an ambulance class. Can you tell me what is the best thing to do for a broken heart?

She—Oh, yes. Bind up the broken portion with a gold band, bathe with orange blossom water and apply plenty of raw rice. Guaranteed to be well in a month.—Boston Traveller.

Worse and Worse.

Mrs. Brown—I have been so annoyed at my husband. He has been at the club every night for a week.

Mrs. Jones—Why, so has my husband, and he said he hadn't seen anything of your husband for a week.—Brooklyn *Life*.

Noah's Claim to Wisdom.

Teacher—Who was the wisest man?

Tommy—Noah.

"Noah?"

"Yes'm. He was the only man who knew enough to come in when it rained."—Indianapolis Journal.

High Priced Lozenges.

"The most expensive confectionery I ever saw was in a little Adirondack hamlet years ago," remarked a friend one morning. And he went on to tell the story. He was one of a party of sportsmen who had been after deer deep in the fastnesses of the Adirondacks. They were on the way out, and in the afternoon had to put up until next morning because the next stopping place could not be reached in the few remaining hours of the day. Some wicked person suggested that a game of poker would be a pleasant diversion, but they had no chips. The friend referred to rose to the occasion and purchased at the village store a bag of peppermint lozenges. Then he installed himself as banker and sold his friends the confections at 5 cents per lozenge. Quiet reigned, and the game went on. Presently the "banker" ate a peppermint. The example was contagious. The man opposite began to nibble a chip, and then, becoming absorbed in a question about the opening of a jack pot, swallowed the peppermint. Before anybody saw the joke a large number of chips had been eaten up, to the considerable profit of the "banker," who, of course, could not be expected to redeem chips which had dissolved and disappeared forever. The "banker" was all right. He ate from the bag.—Hardware.

A Reminiscence of Cardinal Manning.

One peculiarity he had. Many was the time in which together we had to write some letter, draw up some memorandum, decide in writing what we should do. Almost invariably, if the matter appeared of importance, he would prefer that, instead of endeavoring—one writing, both discussing—to arrive at what he wanted to say, we should, after talking it over, each retire to our corner—he usually to his den, I in the larger room—and each then and there write his draft. This done, the two papers were compared, and a give and take process setting in the final result would be a sort of conglomeration of the two. He wrote a beautiful, fine, small, distinct hand.

To me he had a sort of personal magnetism, a personal magnetism that I have only myself experienced with reference to one other man—Parnell.

Cardinal Vaughan's just and generous tribute to his illustrious predecessor may fitly end these reminiscences. "Of all the men I have known none ever appeared to me so completely absorbed in the idea of aiming at what was highest, noblest and purest. It was a sustained yearning after the true and the good, and this without effort, because it had grown to be the bent and tendency of his life."—Fortnightly Review.

Buried by Torchlight.

Allerton hall was upward of four centuries the property and residence of the Kitchingman family. It was [illegible] largest and most ancient Chapeltown, consisting of about 60 rooms, with gardens and pleasure grounds. The Kitchingman family for upward of 400 years were carried from this hall by torchlight to be interred in the choir of St. Peter's church in Leeds. At the interment of any of the family the great chandelier, consisting of 36 branches, was always lighted. In the year 1716 Mr. Robert Kitchingman died May 7, aged 100 years.

He ordered his body to be buried with torchlights at chapel Allerton. He was interred on May 16, when 100 torches were carried. The room where the body was laid was hung with black, and a velvet pall, with escutcheons, was born by the chief gentry. The pallbearers had all scarf, biscuits and sack; the whole company had gloves. Fifty pounds were given among the poor in the chapel yard on the day of his interment. Mary, his wife, died July 28, 1716, aged 97 years. She was interred precisely in the same way.—Annals of Yorkshire.

The Ring California Gave Pierce.

One of the most curious as well as most valuable of American rings was presented to President Pierce in 1852 by the citizens of California. It is of massive gold, weighing upward of a pound. The circular portion is cut into squares, which are embellished with beautifully executed designs, the entire group presenting a pictorial history of California. The seal of the ring is really a lid, which swings upon a hinge and is covered with the arms of the state of California, surmounted by the stars and stripes. Underneath is a square box divided by bars of gold into nine separate compartments, each containing a pure specimen of the varieties of ore found in the country. On the inside is the following inscription: "Presented to Franklin Pierce, the fourteenth president of the United States."—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Lesson In Finance.

Light of the Household—Papa, what is them red, white and blue things mamma found in your pockets and calls chips?

Blushing Papa—Fist money, my son, redeemable at the bank in gold, silver or paper. The system dates back to faro. You know his daughter found Moses in the bulrushes. Now run out and ride your biycle.—Detroit Free Press.

Silk From Fish Eggs.

A French chemist has recently discovered that the eggs of a certain species of fish are enveloped in veritable silken cocoons. Since the learned Frenchman began his experiments in this line (in 1894) he has found seven different species of fish that produce eggs from which a fine quality of silk may be woven.

Flowers.

The instinctive and universal taste of mankind selects flowers for the expression of its finest sympathies, their beauty and their fleetingness serving to make them the most fitting symbols of those delicate sentiments for which language itself seems almost too gross a medium.—Hillard.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.

State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.

State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1238 Gatzav., E. St. Louis, Ill.

State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County President, L. Henely, Twenty-seventh-st. and Lake Shore.

County V.-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh-st.

County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.

County Financial Secretary, Joseph J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch 520 W. Erie-st.

Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.

Doorkeeper, William Barrett.

The County Board meets the Second Sunday of each month at 83 Madison street, Hall 2, at 3 p. m.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

DIVISION 1.

President, M. J. Maloney, Room 306, 120 Randolph-st.
Vice President, Michael Tuoby.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Ryan 209 S. Peoria-st.
Financial Secretary, Wm. Territt.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller streets, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 2.

President, John J. Hanrahan, 246 E. Forty-third-st.
Vice President, Thomas McHugh.
Recording Secretary, Thomas J. Sherlock, 185 E. Superior-st.
Financial Secretary, James Regan.
Treasurer, William C. Moore.
Meets Second Thursday each month at Unity hall, 77 Thirty-first-st., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 3.

President, John J. Cullinane, 3045 Deering-st.
Vice President, James J. Perkins.
Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 W. North-av.
Financial Secretary, Pat'k J. Mahony.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
Meets First Sunday each month at 3 p. m. in Flynn's hall, North-av. and Robey-st.

DIVISION 4.

President, Michael Blake, 708 Thirty-first-st.
Vice President, William Loftus.
Recording Secretary, James H. Brennan, Palmer House.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins.
Treasurer, William McAvoy.
Meets First Sunday each month at 2:30 p. m. in Methel's hall, Canalport and Union-avs.

DIVISION 5.

President, James J. Brennan, 467 W Fifteenth st.
Vice President, William Martin.
Recording Secretary, Alex Cusack, 65 Nixon-st.
Financial Secretary, Tim Cullinane.
Treasurer, Thomas Donovan.
Meets First Thursday of each month in Horan's hall, Halsted and Harrison-sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 6.

President, P. G. Maguire, 4465 Princeton-av.
Vice President, John Doody.
Recording Secretary, M. J. Goldin, 4417 Union-av.
Financial Secretary, James F. Ryan.
Treasurer, Martin Fanning.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Foley's hall, 712 W. Forty-third-st., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 7.

President, Wm. Sullivan, 235 Washburn-av.
Vice President, Patrick Behan.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2703 Hickory-st.
Financial Secretary, Jas. E. O'Brien.
Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth-st., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 8.

President, P. J. O'Sullivan, 117 E. Erie-st.
Vice President, Hugh J. Gleeson.
Recording Secretary, Eugene P. Nolan, 289 E. Erie-st.
Financial Secretary, O. J. Cullen.
Treasurer, R. G. McHugh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays each month at 62 N. Clark-st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 9.

President, D. M. Duggan, 329 Ninety-second-st.
Vice President, Thomas A. Foley.
Recording Secretary, Thomas White, 532 Ninety-fifth-st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Clark.
Treasurer, Owen Ahern.
Meets First and Third Fridays each month in Union Bank building, South Chicago, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 10.

President, P. J. Cummings, 4125 State-st.
Vice President, James Small.
Recording Secretary, Michael Maloy, 735 Dexter-st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Ryan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
Meets First Friday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth-av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 11.

President, Hugh J. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.
Vice President, James F. Murray.
Recording Secretary, Thos. E. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby.
Treasurer, Michael J. Connery.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays each month in Anchor hall, Grand ave and Paulina st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 12.

President, F. J. Conroy, 498 Thirty-fifth-st.
Vice President, J. F. Lyons.
Recording Secretary, Mat Corcoran, 3827 Wentworth av.
Financial Secretary, P. B. Flanagan.
Treasurer, Rev. D. J. Crimmins.
Meets First and Third Wednesdays of each month at S. W. corner of Thirty-ninth st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 13.

President, John E. Long, 2991 Archer av.
Vice President, P. F. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Daniel Jordan, 2933 Archer av.
Financial Secretary, D. J. Sullivan.
Treasurer, S. J. Moloney.
Meets First and Third Thursdays each month in K. of P. hall, 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 14.

President, P. J. Buck, 2218 Dearborn street.
Vice President, Ed J. Hanley.
Recording Secretary, F. J. Clingen, 8 South Lincoln st.
Financial Secretary, T. J. McGuire.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in Prosperity hall, Eighteenth and State sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 15.

President, James W. Breen, 5241 Morgan st.
Vice President, John Henry.
Recording Secretary, Michael Daly, 5511 Halsted st.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Shine.
Treasurer, Michael Duffy.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Mielhaussen's hall, 51st and Peoria sts.

DIVISION 16.

President, Thomas McMahon, 5818 Justine st.
Vice President, Patrick McMahon.
Recording Secretary, Jas. Flannigan, 811 E. Fortieth st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Meaney.
Treasurer, John J. McGinty.
Meets Fourth Friday each month in Bishop's hall, 4652 Ashland avenue, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 17.

President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth avenue.
Vice President, Lawrence Henely.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 2911 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burke.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First and Third Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 18.

President, Martin Loftus, 2240 West Kinzie street.
Vice President, James Collins.
Recording Secretary, James Dineen, 2222 West Kinzie st.
Financial Secretary, James Donovan.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Last Friday of each month in Schoenhoffen's hall, Forty-third av. and West Lake street, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.

President, James Thomas, 4537 Dryer street
Vice President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Timothy Kelly, 3435 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, T. J. Waldron.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted street.

DIVISION 20.

President, Joseph J Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
Vice President, Alick el Sullivan.
Recording Secretary, John J. Quinlan, 502 Twenty-sixth st.
Financial Secretary, P. McDonnell.
Treasurer, Michael O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday at 2901 Union av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 21.

President, Patrick Stenson, 1104 Clybourn av.
Vice President, Ed O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, David Madden, 83 Tyson av.
Financial Secretary, James Gayer.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month in Kuehl's hall, Clybourn and Ashland avs.

DIVISION 22.

President, James Noonan, Lemont, Ill.
Vice President, J. S. Carrier.
Recording Secretary, T. H. Finegan, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, A. J. Runyon.
Treasurer, J. W. McCarthy.
Meets First and Third Sundays each month at 7 p. m. in School hall, in Lemont, Ill.

DIVISION 23.

President, William J. Doherty, 1259 W. Forty-seventh st.
Vice President, John McGaughan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4951 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James McCann.
Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Schumacher's hall, 4650 Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 24.

President, John W. Farley, LaGrange, Ill.
Vice President, Michael Galvin.
Recording Secretary, F. W. Rowe, Box 312, LaGrange, Ill.
Financial Secretary, Edward Dooley.
Treasury, Patrick Close.
Meets the Second and Fourth Monday of each month in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill.

DIVISION 25.

President, William Mulligan, 723 W. Twenty-second st.
Vice President, John D. Maloney.
Recording Secretary, Thos. D. Fitzgerald, 1066 S. Robey st.
Financial Secretary, James Egan.
Treasurer, John T. Conway.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, W. Twenty-second and Robey sts.

DIVISION 26.

President, P. J. Reynolds, 5540 State street.
Vice President, Thomas Killoughy.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, W. F. Garrity.
Treasurer, Lawreuce Reynolds.
Meets Second Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27.

President, John Bigane, 1974 Thirty-ninth st.
Vice President, Patrick J. Moran.
Recording Secretary, Frank J. Mooney, 3678 Western av.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney.
Treasurer, John Larney.

DIVISION 28.

President, John Flanagan, 1110 West Park av.
Vice President, James Tracy.
Recording Secretary, W. E. Moran, 1505 West Polk st.
Financial Secretary, E. A. Craighton.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesdays in DeSoto hall, VanBuren and Francisco st.

DIVISION 29.

President, Patrick Keys, 2393 116th st., Kensington.
Vice President, John Maguire.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1329, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully.
Treasurer, Charles Corkey.
Meets First and Third Thursdays of each month in Holy Rosary church basement, 113th st. and South Park av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

President, Thomas Heelan, 10810 Calhoun av.
Vice President, P. J. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday of each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av, 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 31.

President, P. C. Desmond, 641 Park av
Vice President, James O'Neill.
Recording Secretary, L. O. Fitzpatrick, 1006 West Lake st.
Financial Secretary, Arthur McGinn.
Treasurer, Peter Keunedy.
Meets First Monday and Third Friday each month in St. Malachi's school hall.

DIVISION 35.

President, Patrick F. Holden.
Vice President, Michael J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3656 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. O'Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday each month in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 36.

President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.
Vice President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Wm. H. McMahon, 5483 Lake av.
Financial Secretary, Bartley Owens.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month, in Bagley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.

President, John P. Dohney, 6359 Honore st.
Vice President, Thomas Kelly.
Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen 6428 Morgan st.
Financial Secretary, M. H. Hoey.
Treasurer, Patrick Prendergast.
Meet Second Thursday of each month in Broomstead's hall, Sixty-third and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

LADIES' AUXILIARY.

DIVISION 22, A. O. H.

President, Miss Bina Harkins, Lemont, Ill.
Vice President, Miss Mary Kelly.
Recording Sec'y, Miss Anna O'Donnell, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Sec'y, Mrs. M. Beckman.
Treasurer, Mrs. M. Deune.
Meet the 2d and 4th Sunday of each month at 3 p. m. in St. Patrick's hall.

HIBERNIAN KNIGHTS.

COMPANY A.

Captain, A. J. Connolly, 4714 Loomis street.
First Lieutenant, P. H. Sheridan.
Second Lieutenant, P. J. O'Brien.

COMPANY B.

Captain, Patrick Kennedy.
First Lieutenant, ames Thomas.
Second Lieutenant, Jeremiah O'Shea.

Catholic Knights and Ladies of America.

ST. MARY'S BRANCH NO. 35.

President, L. Henely, 3244 Graves place.
Vice President, Emma Lonergan.
Recording Secretary, Helen Henely, 3244 Graves place.
Financial Secretary, Margaret Roche.
Treasurer, Jane Cummings.
Meets First and Third Sunday in Hall B, 208 LaSalle st.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

Parnell Council No. 26 meets on 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in Corcoran's hall, Forty-seventh street and Princeton avenue at 3 p. m. President, P. J. Reynolds, 3540 State st; Vice-Pres, Joseph J. Healy; Rec. Sec., J. T. Scott, 702 W. Forty-third st.; Fin. Sec., Wm. McNicholas; Treas., Edward Hogan.

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.

81 South Clark Street, Rooms 10, 12, 14.

President, J. J. Mahony.
Vice President, J. E. Long.
Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy.
Corresponding Secretary, A. Donoghue.
Treasurer, John Roche.
Trustees, D. O'Connor, J. J. Gibbons, James C. Strain.

The Essequibo.

The finest river of British Guiana is the Essequibo, into which flow the magnificent waters of the Cuyuni and the Mazaruni, forming a confluence at Bartica point over four miles broad, the stream then widening out through its subsequent course of 60 miles into an estuary 20 miles from bank to bank. The Essequibo rises in the Acaroi mountains, 40 miles north of the equator, and tears a sinuous way through and down the terraced surface for a distance of over 600 miles. It is not navigable for steamers much beyond Bartica point, and the farther it is explored the higher, grander, more beautiful and more dangerous become the rapids.

One of its tributaries, the Potaro, which joins it about 160 miles from the coast, has a waterfall surpassing Niagara in height. This is the Kaieteur fall (the Old Man's fall, to translate the Indian name), which was discovered by Mr. Brown, who made a geological survey for the government a quarter of a century ago. At this point the Potaro falls over a sandstone tableland precipitously for 741 feet, and then over a sloping cataract of 81 feet into a great rocky basin. In flood time the width of the fall is about 370 feet and in the dry season 240 feet or less. "If," says Mr. Thurn, "the whole valley of the Potaro is fairyland, then the Kaieteur ravine is the very penetralia of fairyland."—MacMillan's Magazine